

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

## *Growth of Marian Art*

By P. W. BROWNE, D.D., Ph.D.

## *Jang Ssu of Changsha*

By WINIFRED FEELY

## *Dangers of Psycho-analysis*

By L. A. PARRY, M.D.

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LETTERS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

Vol. 9, No. 10

May, 1930

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## The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## Wherein Good People Go Wrong

**S**AINTS have their faults and are the first to acknowledge them, as we all know. We cannot be surprised, then, if good people have their sins. They have, and many of them.

The characteristic sin of good people is distrust of God. With many this is an unsuspected sin, but a sin just the same.

It manifests itself in such ways as distrusting His mercy, doubting His providence. But perhaps the most common way is making bargains with God.

Good people *will* bargain with Him. And the terms they give are usually narrow, selfish, one-sided and make for a sure-thing transaction so far as they themselves are concerned.

They clearly specify the conditions. If they shall obtain a cure, or an increase in salary or a better position, or rent a house, or receive any other temporal favor, they promise to make some sacrifice, to do some good work or to contribute to some charity or to assist some cause, such as the Chinese Missions.

But their promise is always a conditional one—God must give the cure or the increase or the position *first*. That is made plain and is to be clearly understood!

So, you see, it's a sort of C.O.D. business. God must remember that! They will not give Him trust. Sharp practice! Particularly in view of the fact that nine-tenths of the world's business—both big and little—is done on a credit basis, the mutual trust of man in man.

Of course, the readers of this homily are all good people. Are you guilty of distrusting God? It's quite possible.

Suppose we take larger views of Him and treat Him just a little more considerately. Tight bargaining is always a form of selfishness whether in money matters or in things of the soul. It's especially bad when dealing with God, Who made us, and owns us, and has given us everything we have.

*Don't distrust God's mercy.* He is most willing not only to forgive your sins but to blot them out and forget them, as though they had never been committed.

*Don't distrust His goodness.* He Who marks the sparrow's fall and has numbered the hairs of our head is and must be interested in us in spite of what we are and what we have done. "He hath a care of us."

*Don't bargain with Him.* If we can do anything to please Him or to further His cause, let us do it whole-heartedly and trust to His generosity. His reward is exceedingly great and He is so rich that He doesn't need to economize.

We have Our Lord's express guarantee: "Give, and it shall be given unto you—good measure, pressed down and flowing over."

Duty and today are ours. Results and the future are with God. Whatever we can do for Him or contribute to the spread of His Kingdom, let us do unreservedly, trusting implicitly in Him to look after us and our needs.

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*



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Volume Nine

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Number Ten

## Current Fact and Comment

### Fighting Against God

**R**ED RUSSIA is attempting to do something which the first enemies of Christianity were advised by a wise man not to do. When the Scribes and Pharisees met in council to deliberate on how to crush the new religion, Gamaliel, a man of great prudence, and a leader among the Jews, rose up and said: "refrain from these men (the Apostles) and let them alone; for if this council or this work be of men it will come to naught. But if it be of God you cannot overthrow it, lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God."

Soviet Russia is doing just that—"fighting against God!" It is pursuing a plan devised to destroy the very foundation of religion, which is the existence of God. The religion of the Soviet State is the denial of religion—absolute atheism. Thousands of churches have been destroyed. Christian ministers of both Catholic and non-Catholic Churches and Jewish rabbis have been exiled and murdered in cold blood, the very emblems of religion, such as ikons and crucifixes and church bells, have been the objects of ruthless fury.

The Psalmist asks: "why have the Gentiles raged and the people devised vain things"? In regard to Russia it can be answered that the Soviet sees in the worship of God the last stronghold of Capitalism, and therefore religion must be destroyed. As well might the Soviet hold that eating, drinking, and breathing were the inventions of Capitalism. And the Soviet might just as well attempt to abolish by ukase eating, drinking, and breathing, as to endeavor to overthrow the worship of God.

In its cruel and bloody warfare against religion the Soviet convicts itself of insanity. To rage and devise vain things is evidence enough of the absence of reason.

The remarkable thing about the persecution waged by Red Russia against religion is that it is being done in a

quasi-scientific manner. But Soviet "science" will be shown to have been the delirium of madmen when the conflict ends with the "Capitalistic God" still on His throne.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Religion has suffered from oppressors in the past, both personal and collective, but their persecution of believers has never been the result of a settled policy looking to the total abolition of religious worship. Persecution has up to now been levelled against some particular kind of religion. It remained for the Soviet to attempt the overthrow of religion itself. Such a campaign might appeal to minds drunk with power and wills fanned to white heat by vindictive hatred against Capitalism. This is the case with the leaders of Red Russia.

The Soviet conception of religion is that of Nikolai Lenin, the father of Communist Russia. He said "Religion is the opium of the people." But no sane man can entertain that idea. It is pure nonsense. Religion is as much an integral part of human nature as taking nourishment. The peculiar tenet of modern humanistic societies is that the worship of God is the rind of human life, and not the core.

It is the influence of religion which makes it possible for oppressed peoples to endure the savage blows of persecutors, and furnishes them with that marvelous power to survive, which has been shown times without number during the history of this world. For over three centuries Christianity was crushed to earth under the iron heel of Rome, but in the end Christianity saw the Roman State crumble into dust, and the Cross of Christ rise triumphant over its ashes.

Though the Soviet sneers at the veneration of the Cross of Christ and the bones of the Saints as a foolish superstition it is surely an anomaly that the tomb

of Lenin is adored with fanatical worship. Communists must have their objects of devotion, and they find them in the sombre tomb of a mocker of Christianity and the red flag with its sickle and hammer.

Red Russia plans to establish World Communism on the ruins of Capitalism, but in its savage attempt to destroy Capitalism the Soviet is at the same time laying waste the only foundation upon which any State can hope to exist—and that is religion.

No wonder the Holy Father, Pius XI, has spoken out in vigorous protest against such a nefarious scheme.

In attacking religion Communism is training its guns on that which should be the dearest of all personal possessions. Yet some ministers of Christianity have cried out that the persecution in Russia is an internal question in which we should not interfere. This policy of "sh-sh" is utterly unworthy a believer with character. When religion itself is attacked we are all concerned. All men who realize that religion is not only the path to Heaven, but also the basis of all social order should cooperate with the wishes of Pope Pius and by prayer, and every other legitimate means attempt to bring the Soviet to a realization that they are "fighting against God."

### *Broken Homes*

ONE of the greatest dispositions for the perpetration of crime is the broken home. Impressionable boys and girls who are without the safeguards of a good home are therefore easily propelled in the way of vice. But too often this initial handicap in the way of youth is overlooked. Parents who separate, either through civil divorce or mutual consent, look primarily to their own convenience. They have little, if any, consideration for their children.

An instance of the plight of a boy whose home was wrecked came before Justice Levine in General Sessions in New York City. A boy of sixteen years was apprehended for breaking into a grocery store on Christmas morning and stealing \$450 worth of goods. Several other boys were engaged in the theft. They managed to escape the police. But George Dermigny was too weak to run. When he was brought into custody it was found necessary to call the aid of an ambulance surgeon, for the boy was suffering from starvation. When the case was brought up in court Justice Levine, after learning of the wretched conditions in which the boy lived, suspended sentence. But in doing so the Justice took occasion to rebuke the boy's parents. "It is the most concrete case of parental neglect leading to crime in my experience on the bench," he said. And this is the result of the broken home.

In this light the Report of the Pennsylvania Committee on Penal Affairs, published in October, 1929, is very interesting. Analyzing the cases of the children who passed through the Juvenile Court of Luzerne County, Pa., in one year, the authors of the survey conducted in that mining and industrial community declare that 40 per cent, or two out of every five boys and girls brought into Juvenile Court in 1927, came from broken homes. In addition 4 per cent came from families in which there was a bad home situation. "Thus almost one-half of the children," says the Report, "came

from homes in which grave difficulty stood in the way of their proper care or supervision."

Children coming from homes of this kind may in later life truthfully say: "We never had a chance!" The report declares in this regard:

"Because of the entire environmental situation, dependent and neglected children are easily pushed over into the stream of delinquent and incorrigible children coming to the juvenile court. Children from inadequate or bad homes have limited chance of readjustment to family and community life, should they get into difficulty because of misconduct or delinquency."

\* \* \* \* \*

### *A Priest on Broken Homes*

HERE is additional confirmation of the above indictment of parental neglect in the report made by Rev. Francis J. Lane, Catholic Chaplain of the New York State Reformatory at Elmira. In the survey which the Rev. Chaplain made at close hand, we read:

"Many and various reasons could be set forth for the apparent widespread disrespect for law among our young people, but back of them all the chief cause is a lack of religious and moral training."

But the blame for this lack of religious and moral training Fr. Lane puts squarely on the shoulders of those who have the bounden duty of training the young "in the way they should go"—parents.

"If we are to hope for a decrease in the ever-increasing number of youthful criminals, we must turn to the parents who are directly responsible for the way their children are reared. It is the duty of the parents to see that their children receive a proper religious and moral training; that they make their homes and home life as attractive as possible, so that the young man will not have to seek other places to satisfy his desire for comfort and peace. Over half of the number of inmates discussed in this report come from broken homes, and many of the others come from homes that are hardly worthy of the name."

Parents, therefore, have it in their power to diminish, if they cannot totally abolish, the crime wave among the young. Never before was there more need to heed the injunction of the Apostle, St. Paul: "Provoke not your children to anger, but bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord."

### *Catholic Radio Hour*

ON SUNDAY, March 2, the Catholic Radio Hour was inaugurated in the studio of the National Broadcasting Company in New York City. Cardinal Hayes dedicated the Hour with an inspiring introductory address, and Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland spoke on the nature and necessity of religion. The program was sent over a hook-up which covered almost the whole country. In all there were twenty-six stations which brought the message of the Catholic Radio Hour to thousands of American homes.

The Catholic Hour met with immediate approval. The efforts of the Committee of the National Council of Catholic Men, which had been arranging the program

for months, were amply rewarded by the expressions of commendation and enthusiasm which came from all parts of the country, and from people of both Catholic and non-Catholic Churches.

It is planned to continue to broadcast the Catholic Hour from 6 P. M. to 7 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, every Sunday. While we must not be too sanguine of results, the voices of representative Catholics speaking on Catholic principles will be certain of a sympathetic hearing. That is a great deal. When Catholic doctrine and ideals penetrate into the remotest parts of this vast country, especially where the Catholic Church is suspected and even hated, the antipathy of many will be shown to have been unjust, and from then on the Church will more easily obtain a hearing. It will be possible to show that something good *can* come out of Nazareth.

While it is to be hoped that the broadcast of Catholic Truth will be instrumental in bringing many into the Church, in any event we can be reasonably sure that the Catholic message delivered by competent and kindly exponents will clarify the murky religious atmosphere and render human hearts more ready to receive the full revelation of the Gospel.

The divine mission of the Church is to preach the Gospel "to every creature" and "to all nations." The day is at hand for utilizing the unique power of the radio in furthering that sublime end.

### Religion for Scientists

DR. JAMES H. HOLMES, Professor of Philosophy at Swarthmore College for thirty years, is anxious to reform the church in such a manner that men of science can subscribe to it. A few months ago Professor Holmes sent out a circular letter to leading educators, scientists and professional men throughout the country. In that letter he charged the churches with failure to satisfy the religious needs of scientifically minded men, and asked these savants for ideas looking to the formation of a religion which would satisfy their demands.

This letter looks very much like a confession of failure on the part of the church. Of course, Dr. Holmes is speaking generically of all churches, but we take the liberty to assert that he speaks only for non-Catholic churches. He is not competent, we feel, to speak for any other. What a sad commentary on the so-called Reformation of the 16th century, from which nearly all non-Catholic churches have their origin. The revolt of Luther is supposed to have given the people of those times the religion which they needed. His rebellion against the ancient Church was to inaugurate a new and glorious period of religious freedom from the mental shackles of Rome! Henceforth religion was to keep in step with science.

But now the religious tenets of Luther and his disciples, on the confession of Dr. Holmes, and others eminent in the religious world, fail to satisfy.

We might submit that there is a religion in the world today which does not fail to satisfy the mind of scientists. Nor has it ever failed to satisfy. That Church to which belonged such acknowledged scientists as Copernicus, Galileo, Nicholas de Cusa, Secchi, in

the field of astronomy; Galvani, Volta, Ampere, Marconi, in the sphere of electricity; Lavoisier, Curie, in chemistry; Galvani, Spallanzani, and Pasteur in physiology and medicine, and Mendel in biology, ought to have something to recommend it to the attention and serious investigation of scientists of today. Pasteur, whose studies in bacteriology raised medicine to a science, and made him the immortal benefactor of mankind, gave this striking testimony to his belief in the Catholic Church: "The more I study the more I incline to the faith of a Breton peasant. Had I studied more I should have the faith of a peasant Breton's wife." Bretons are Catholics.

### It All Depends

MOST of us regard this world as a comfortable place just so far as it is comfortable for ourselves. What is happening to the rest of the world is of course the rest of the world's own affair. It is only when the rest of the world threatens our comfort that we begin to suspect there may be something wrong with it. Just now we are very far from being disturbed by the news that famine has covered the plains of China with countless corpses. If, however, China was building a navy that would in a short time be equal to our own we would be very much interested in that far-off land. We would no doubt be saying hard things about the Yellow Peril. Our newspapers would be telling us that our title to national comfort very much depended on our ability to speak louder and longer to China, when the emergency arose, through the business end of our naval guns. China would cease to be a part of the rest of the world. It would be a part of *our* world; so easily do we change our geography to suit our comfort.

When we, as a nation, are stirred to as much interest in a starving China as we would be in a rival China, then may we hope, when we sit down in conference with other nations, to show a moral leadership that can dispense with the "yard stick" procedure in the matter of reducing armaments.

### Amos 'n' Andy

EVERYBODY knows Amos 'n' Andy. Nightly at 7:00 P. M., Eastern Standard time, the radios of countless homes are sure to be dialled to WJZ. So strong an attraction have Amos 'n' Andy become that several moving picture theatres advertise that their sketch can be heard from the stage.

Why have these two black-face comedians, "Prez'dent an' driver of de Fresh Air Taxicab Comp'ny, Incorporated," so strong an appeal? We think that it is due to their fresh, clean, homely humor. Not only that, but also because of the clever manner in which they portray the two chief characters of the business. Everyone can see himself at times in Amos 'n' Andy. The sorrows, joys, triumphs, and failures common to all mankind are shadowed forth in the office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company.

Their sketch is an ad for Pepsodent Tooth Paste. It is a good one. And it is a credit to the taste of so many that Amos 'n' Andy appeal.



# Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

## OBLATION

The following poem, by Rev. John W. Baechle, C.P. P.S., reveals the spirit, so characteristic of Christianity, which gives to God the things nearest the heart, only to receive them again with good measure. The poem appears in *The Catholic Messenger*, and is dedicated "To My Dear Father":

Long years ago a babe was born  
Which brought its parents joy,  
For they had long been waiting for  
The birth of their first boy.

And e'er this child had seen the light  
Of God's bright earth an hour,  
His father's arms had offered him  
To God's Almighty Power.

The father stood near open door,—  
The clear blue sky o'erhead,—  
And raised the child aloft to God,  
While from his heart he said;

"Receive, O Lord, our first born son,  
And if Thy will it be,  
Please call him to Thy priestly life  
For all eternity."

\* \* \*

Long years and hard the parents toiled  
And sacrifices made,  
That their own boy might follow in  
His calling,—God's crusade.

But now God's called unto Himself  
The good, kind father dear,  
And he was ready to depart;  
Of death he had no fear.

So following his example kind,  
Who's now in Heaven's bower,  
I offer him, as he did me,  
To God's Almighty Power.

And pray the Lord to grant that Dad  
May see his son a priest,  
Though not indeed with earthly eyes,  
Yet from th' Eternal East.

## VALUE OF MEDITATION

The following quotation from "Mental Efficiency," by Arnold Bennett, (Doran & Co., publishers), is worthy of being read and pondered over, especially when it comes from such a source:

The mind can only be conquered by regular meditation, by deciding beforehand what direction its activity ought to take, and insisting that its activity take that direction; also by never leaving it idle, undirected, masterless, to play at random like a child in the streets after dark. This is extremely difficult, but it can be done, and it is marvelously well worth doing. The fault of the epoch is the absence of meditateness. A sagacious man will strive to correct in himself the faults of his epoch. In some deep ways the

twelfth century had advantages over the twentieth. It practiced meditation. The twentieth does Sandow exercises.

## TACT

Tact, as everyone knows, is the ability to say and to do the right thing in the right time and place. No one, say the success magazines, will ever succeed in life without tact. Never rub people the wrong way. Never tell an ugly person that she has a face "which would stop a clock." Say, rather, "time stands still in your presence."

But tact, no matter how judiciously attempted, will not always infallibly succeed. This is how the *Baltimore Sun* describes the failure of one ambitious tactician:

You meet him suddenly face to face and he says, "Why, hello, George!" and you say, "Tom Jones, old man, how are you?" He replies "Not Tom Jones, Bill—Bill Smith." You say, of course, Bill Smith, that you knew it as well as you know your own name, but it was so unexpected meeting him, and really he must forgive you, as you have not met since college days twenty years ago and, dear me, how time flies.

He says, oh, no, that you met five years ago in Europe. And you say of course, how stupid of you to have forgotten. It all comes back now. Mrs. Smith was with him, you recall, and so charming, and how is she and is she here? And he turns red and replies no, that she is not here; that, as a matter of fact, they have been divorced.

You say, well, now that is too bad, but such things will happen. And, after all, it is the only thing to do if people cannot get on together, and that at least he is a free agent, which is something. He says perhaps so, but he happens to be married again.

So you say well, anyway, time has not changed him a great deal and he looks better than you ever saw him and what does he do to keep himself in such good shape? He replies that, on the contrary, he is just recuperating from a critical operation and is not good for very much.

You say it certainly has been a pleasure to have seen him and how long does he expect to be in town, as you have so much to talk over with him. He replies that he will probably be here for some time, as this is his home now and has been for several years. You wish him the best of luck in his profession and recall what a brilliant mind he had at college—law, wasn't it? He says no, engineering. You say, well, whatever it was, his mind was brilliant all right.

So then you say this raw, cold weather is welcome after the heat and drought of the summer, and the country could do with much more rain. That ought to be a safe topic, but it appears, unfortunately, that raw, cold weather and rain are just the things that are most likely to put him in the grave.

## TAKING ANOTHER'S MEDICINE

It happens at times that we are innocent victims of treatment intended for some one else. But this salesman refused to take it, and thereby won an order. Says the *New York Sun*:

The salesman was making his first call on the purchasing agent of an important manufacturing concern that has its offices in a midtown skyscraper. The buying hour was only fifteen minutes old and already a score of salesmen warned



the chairs and benches. The first-call man was congratulating himself that he was second in line.

The purchasing agent would be feeling fine and fit so early on so glorious a morning. He would not be tired of a long line of salesmen. There would be an order, and he could not figure it any other way. His high spirits got a wallop as the purchasing agent began to shout at him. Then he began to feel resentment and fell to shouting back. Finally, he exploded:

"Why do you have to shout at me! I had an appointment and I have nothing to apologize for. If you want to argue about my line, you can at least be decent about it."

The purchasing agent stared at him, and then his face broke into a smile.

"I'm terribly sorry," said the purchasing agent. "I didn't realize it. You see, my contemporary who just left here is deaf, and I just had not realized that the next man might be normal. As a matter of fact, I wasn't arguing about your line, either, but just asking for information. Just to prove it, get your order book ready."

And so they lived happily ever afterward.

#### A FIRE WHICH SEEMED TO WARM ALL HEARTS

McCabe & Price, Elizabeth City's (N. C.) oldest, largest and most conspicuous department store burned down. Hundreds thronged to the fire. Everybody seemed happy, because news spread that the stock of merchandise, valued at \$85,000, was insured for every cent of its value. No one thought of the plight of 12 or 15 employees, who would be without jobs. The thoughts uppermost in the minds of the happy onlookers are given in *The Independent*, the city's weekly:

"Joe McCabe is lucky; business is dull; every retail business in Elizabeth City is having hard sledding; McCabe's probably was no exception; he'll get his money out of his goods."

"Being shy one big store for a while won't do any harm; probably will help business for everybody else; there isn't enough business right now to go around any way."

"Will help carpenters, brick layers, plasterers, painters; there is a lot of unemployment in the building trades; rebuilding McCabe's store will help some. It ain't so bad, having a lot of new money turned loose here at this season."

"Ought to help the hotel business too; many travelling salesmen are steering clear of Elizabeth City because merchants ain't buying much; they'll all come in now to sell McCabe & Price new stocks."

"Means a lot of cheap merchandise for poor folk who can't afford to buy anything else; all the clothing and yard goods on the first floor are soaked with water and fouled by smoke; that means everything will be dumped on the market dirt cheap; the poor who can't afford anything else will be glad to get it."

And so, viewing the biggest fire Elizabeth City has had in ten years, everybody seemed to be happy. Funny how human nature manifests itself in these Republican panic days.

#### NOT THIS TIME—LATER

There is nothing like being prepared, even to the matter of being fitted for one's grave. From the *London Universe*:

In the belief that he was dying, Canon John O'Nolan, of Toome, ordered that his grave should be prepared, but he is now recovering after a long illness.

His wish was carried out, and the grave still waits outside the National Memorial Church, under the shadow of Our Lady's altar. Canon O'Nolan is an honorary chaplain of the Lourdes Basilica.

#### THE DONKEY

The donkey was never an object of envy to man or beast. But G. K. Chesterton finds a good reason why one donkey at least might be envied. From his poem, entitled "The Donkey":

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will;  
Starve, scourge, deride me, I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;  
One far fierce hour and sweet:  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

#### ANTI-CLIMAX

And this is how it happened. From the *New York World*:

George Erwin, who attempted to hang himself this morning, received a fractured skull, says the Associated Press.

Erwin's wife, finding her husband suspended with a rope about his neck, in their home at No. 147 South 10th Street, Newark, cut the cord with a knife. Erwin's head struck the floor when he fell. At City Hospital it was said he would recover.

#### EVILS OF JAZZ AND NOXIOUS LITERATURE

The *Catholic Mind* of Dublin contrasts the harm done by hard liquor to the evils of erotic dancing and bad literature. The sound judgment that the latter evil outweighs the former is peculiarly applicable in this country:

The pooten evil is serious, but by no means so serious as the evils of jazz and "literature." One bad book does more injury to faith and morals than a hundred kegs of pooten. It is the misfortune of whiskey to degrade its victim openly, whereas jazz and evil literature degrade their victims secretly. They leave them the outward appearance of respectability, but often the poor wretch who staggers home under the influence of liquor has behind his outward appearance of degradation the soul of a child. We should prefer any day a whole nation of pooten-makers and pooten-drinkers to a nation that would not revolt against the poison of evil dances and evil books.

#### VENICE IS CALLING

"Priestcraft," or the domination of the clergy in both religious and secular affairs, is one of the ancient charges made against the Church. But Venice is willing to submit to one clergyman's authority, even in civil matters. From the *Associated Press*:

Venice is ready to tell the world what a whale of a difference one man can make to a town.

The whole story simmers down to this: Venice has hit the skids since the Rev. John S. Brockmeier, a mite of a man who put Venice on its civic feet, departed. Now the town is clamoring for his return.

It was a wide awake, progressive, prosperous Venice until just a few weeks ago. Then Father Brockmeier, the village editor, banker, educator, priest and general organizer, was sent to Mount Olive, forty miles away.

Without the spark plug for its municipal machinery, Venice sagged at the knees. The town's only bank, which Father Brockmeier had organized closed its door. Its newspaper, the editor gone, went likewise. The chamber of commerce, which he had sold to Venice merchants, became

idle, and a finance corporation that he started went out of business.

The only thing to do, Venice citizens have concluded, is to get Father Brockmeier back. As soon as Bishop James Griffen returns to Springfield from Rome, Venice en masse will present its case. If the town is to keep its head above water, they will argue, Father Brockmeier must come back.

For more than four years he was the smallest yet most valuable man in Venice. His 5 feet 1 inch threw ninety-six pounds of dynamic energy into the stagnation that enveloped the town before he became assistant pastor at St. Mark's Church.

At first, he berated Venice, criticized its business men and lamented the lack of municipal progress. The town was resentful for a time, but not for long. Soon Father Brockmeier became its idol and guiding genius. The priest started his projects. Then, just as Venice was marching in perfect lockstep while Father Brockmeier swung the baton, he was transferred and Venice resumed its old habits.

Now the town hopes to get the thirty-five-year-old priest back—or know the reason why.

#### A LESSON IN DIPLOMACY

Will Rogers gives this object lesson of diplomatic utterance on the part of Calvin Coolidge. Of course, it may not have happened. From the *New York Times*:

Was out to Mr. Harry Chandler's to dinner Wednesday. Just his family and Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge. Had a long talk with Mr. Coolidge and have a beat on all the other newspaper men:

"Mr. Coolidge, what is your impression of the general condition of our country?"

Mr. Coolidge—"Yes."

"How long do you think the disarmament conference will last?"

"No."

"Is this tinkering with the tariff good for the country as a whole?"

"Meby."

"What do you think of the way the Senate has formed this obstructive coalition?"

"Uh."

"What's the President going to do about this prohibition situation?"

"Huh."

"Who is the logical candidate in case Mr. Hoover don't care for another term?"

"Uh huh."

"Will you have another biscuit, Mr. Coolidge?"

"Probably."

#### ART VERSUS LAW

How a city marshal's lack of artistic appreciation saved the proprietor of a small art gallery from ruin is told by the smart *New Yorker*:

The calm of one of the smaller art galleries in Fifth Avenue was broken not very long ago by the advent of a city marshal with a cigar, a derby, and an assistant. He startled the proprietor and a few people who were peering at faience figurines and Burmese sculptures by announcing that he had come to collect six hundred dollars in a court judgment rendered against the place. The owner stepped forward and moaned that he could not pay the amount at once, whereupon, with very little more ado, the marshal began tossing objets d'art into an old burlap sack, while his deputy made a list of the loot. "Madonnar an' Child," announced the marshal, after reading the label on a small bit of sculpture. "In de bag!" intoned his deputy. "Head of Old Woman with Wimple," sang the marshal. "In de bag!" responded the assistant. At this point the prostrate

proprietor made a proposition—he would pay two hundred dollars and give a note for the remainder, to be paid in a week. This caused the marshal to ponder. He looked about, puzzled, and finally picked on a gentleman who had been browsing around. "Hey, fella," he said. "Should I take the offer or should I take the junk? Personally, I wouldn't give twenty cents for the whole lot—would you?" The gentleman thus accosted thought a moment, glanced at the perspiring proprietor, and said no, he wouldn't give twenty cents for the lot. This convinced the marshal. He took the cash and the note, and departed, and the art dealer silently shook hands with the stranger who had saved his shop for him.

#### "WAS HAT MAN DIR, MEIN ARMES KIND, GETHAN?"

This fare finally got to the street, whose name is pronounced in a variety of ways. From the *Chicago Tribune*:

We submit our weekly report on the progress of our campaign to teach taxicab drivers how to pronounce Goethe street. (Not that our way of pronouncing it is perfect, but we once spent a week in Weimar, Goethe's old home town, and we've got some idea of the way it should be pronounced anyway. We say the "o" something like the "e" in ermine or earth and the final "e" something like the "er" of a Kentucky colonel, if you understand us. Taxicab drivers don't.)

However, we will get on with our report. The other night we were in a hurry to get home and we didn't want to argue with the driver about anything. So as we piled into the taxi, us, Shelby, and Mr. Atkins, we gave our educational program a kick in the pants.

"Ambassador East," said we, "corner of North State and Goat streets."

"What?" said the driver, poking his head over to the half of the front window that was open.

Just our luck, thought we; 99% of the taxicab drivers in this town make you say Goat street or they won't play, and we have to draw one of the others. Well, we'd try the pronunciation the North Clark street car conductors like best.

"Corner of North State and Go-easy streets," quoth we firmly.

"I beg your pardon!" said the taxi driver.

Then we tried the bus drivers' favorite.

"Corner of North State and Go-thy streets," we shouted.

No use. The taxicab driver puzzled over it helplessly. In desperation we summoned our best German pronunciation to our side and said "Goethe!" as they had taught us to pronounce it in Weimar.

"Ach!" said the taxi driver, "Goethe!"

"Ja," said we, "Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe."

"Oh, ja," said the taxi driver, "Johann Wolfgang von Goethe strasse?"

"Ja," said we, "East Johann Wolfgang von Goethe strasse, on der corner von Nord Staten strasse."

"Oh, ja," said the driver, and then with a cheery smile he added: "Goethe strasse. Ja. Was hat man dir, mein armes Kind, gethan?"

Whereupon he shut the window and drove us, thinking deeply, on to our home.

"That last crack of yours before we started out," said we, suspiciously, as we were paying him off, "wasn't that a quotation from Goethe?"

"Ja," said the taxi driver, "from Goethe it is. It means, 'Say, my poor child, what have they done to thee?' When you called Goethe street Goat street and Go-easy street, and Go-thy street, I couldn't help saying it even if it lost me a tip."

"Gesundheit!" said we.

"Danke schoen!" said he.

# The Growth of Marian Art

## A STUDY IN ARTISTIC WORSHIP

By P. W. BROWNE, D.D., PH.D.

THE CHURCH has enlisted music, sculpture, architecture and painting in the fulfilment of her divine mission; and the earliest achievements of Christian art are found within hallowed sanctuaries and monastic cells. From earliest days she was conscious of the influence of paintings; but, owing to their pagan character she hesitated to adopt them. This hesitancy was possibly accentuated by the Semitic composition of the first Christian assemblies. Not until the second century do we find many specimens of Christian pictorial art on sarcophagi or as mural decorations in the catacombs. Then is found an attempt to portray our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, notably in the catacombs of St. Callistus and St. Priscilla.

When the Church emerged from

the catacombs, after the Edict of Milan, artists from Byzantium, Antioch, and Alexandria flocked to Rome and employed mosaic to portray subjects on the walls of churches. Later, when the Imperial Court was transferred from Rome to Ravenna, the latter became the "treasure-house of mosaic." During the next two centuries frescoes and mosaics became a common form of decoration in churches, liturgical books were ornamented with miniature pictures, and the sarcophagi and ecclesiastical vessels with *alto-relievos*. Gregory the Great, reproving Serenus, Bishop of Marseilles, for removing pictorial representations from the walls of the churches of his diocese, wrote these significant words: "What Holy Scrip-

ture is to him who can read, pictorial representations are to him who cannot; because in them the untutored behold *patterns* which they may copy in their lives; they are books that can be read by the illiterate."

The Schism of the Iconoclasts, which began under Leo the Isaurian, in the early part of the eighth century produced a general destruction of art in the East, and its ravages reached to Rome and spread throughout the West. It was, however, not carried out here as it was in the Byzantine Provinces. Hence it is that only in Italy are to be found any important remains of religious art anterior to the age of the Iconoclasts. In his protest to Leo the Isaurian, Pope Gregory curtly observes: "If Leo were to enter a school in Italy, and say he prohibited pictures, the children would throw



FOREBODING BY ROSSET GRANGER



THE DIVINE OUTLAW BY LECOMTE DU NOUY.



their horn books at his head."

The Crusades and pilgrimages to the Holy Land in the eleventh and twelfth centuries had a marked effect on the development of religious art, although this was not fully evolved until a century later. Byzantine paintings were crude, and they were characterized by a rigid formalism; they were a lifeless imitation of models furnished by Greek workers in Mosaic. Not till the thirteenth century does that formalism yield to sympathetic sentiment such as finds expression in the paintings of Cimabue and Duccio. The fourteenth century witnessed a further development in this direction, and it became the age of great creations in the domain of religious art. The greatest factor in this development was Dante who infused into it poetry, mysticism, and theology.

Mrs. Jameson says in her delightful little volume, *Legends of the Madonna*, that there is one prevailing idea running through the artistic productions of the Middle Ages—"an impersonation of beneficence, purity and power standing between an offended Deity and poor, suffering, sinning humanity, clothed in the visible



THE SORROWFUL MOTHER  
BY SASSOFERRATO—GIOVANNI B. SALVI

form of Mary, the Mother of God."

This idea wrought itself into the life and soul of the votaries of pictorial art. Hence it is that we find most of the adornments of those majestic edifices reared during the Middle Ages have reference to our

Lady. She was "The Lady" of all hearts, and all were proud to wear her livery. She was *Notre Dame* to the French; *La Madonna* to the Italian; *Nuestra Senora* to the Spaniard; and *Unsre liebe Frau* to the Germanic peoples. Religious communities placed themselves under her special patronage: the Cistercians wore white, in honor of her purity; the Servites, black, in respect to her sorrows. The Franciscans championed her Immaculate Conception; the Dominicans introduced the Rosary.

HISTORY has not established the time when Our Lady first became a subject of public veneration; but it is established that she occupied a place in private devotion in the second century; and the earliest representations of her are found in the catacombs; but in none of these do we find her standing alone. There is no attempt at individual portraiture, and she is usually represented as part of a group. After the beginning of the third century we find that images and pictures of our Lady are found in the homes of the faithful.

It was doubtless the Nestorian



THE HOLY FAMILY BY ANDREA DEL SARTO



MADONNA AND CHILD BY SEBASTIAN DE PIOMBO





A TRYPTICH—NATIVITY, ADORATION, PRESENTATION—BY GERARDO DAVID

schism which first gave significance to the development of Marian art. Nestorius held that in Christ were combined two natures and two persons, and that those who invoked the Blessed Virgin as "Mother of God" were in error. Nestorius and his teachings were condemned by the Council of Ephesus.

Soon after this we find mention of what is the earliest authentic picture of the Blessed Virgin. This picture was sent to Constantinople by the Empress Eudocia who spent much time in the Holy Land. According to a Venetian legend, the picture was taken to Venice by the blind Dandolo, in 1204, where it was placed in the Church of St. Mark. The tradition which ascribes the painting to St. Luke has no historic foundation; and it was unknown in Western Europe before the first Crusade. The story of its origin is probably confused with the work of a Greek painter named Lucca who painted pictures of Our Lady in the ateliers of Mount Athos.

**T**O ST. LUKE, the Evangelist, we owe the verbal portraiture of our Lady. He delineates every attribute of the Blessed Virgin in the first and third chapters of his Gospel: (1) her humility; "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done

TEARS BY F. LEMATTE  
(IN THE SALON OF PARIS)

unto me according to Thy word;" (2) her decision of character; "And Mary rising up . . . went into the hillside with haste into the house of Zachary"; (3) her intellectual power, as displayed in the *Magnificat*. Her maternal devotion was exemplified in the sublime fortitude which characterized her at the foot of the Cross on Calvary. This really is the portrait of our Lady that comes to us from St. Luke.

During the centuries following the condemnation of Nestorianism, images of our Lady, in every form and material, were multiplied; and painting in tempera on linen fabric and wooden panels was employed extensively. From the time of Charlemagne to the first Crusade, religious art was crude, and Marian subjects were represented according to the conventional Byzantine form. The Crusades, however, tended to mollify the Byzantine type, and the effect of oriental influence was quite apparent in the thirteenth century.

During the pontificate of Innocent III religious art was in the ascendant. The erection of stately edifices gave birth to new and exalted ideals which became the dream of every artist.

Development of a new artistic life first appeared in the northern cities of Italy; and Guido di Siena and Andrea Tarfi laid the foundation of



THE THIRTEENTH STATION BY FRA BARTOLOMMEO

an artistic school of which Duccio and Cimabue became the exponents. There is a story regarding Cimabue's Madonna (still preserved in Florence) which illustrates the departure from conventionalism in art which had till then existed: "It happened that this work was an object of so much veneration to the people of the city that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the Church of Santa Maria Novella . . . The inhabitants of the neighborhood, rejoicing in the occurrence, ever afterward called the place Borgo Allegri."

UNDER the genius of Giotto religious art made great progress; and he produced on canvas the ideas of Dante whose sublime hymn (found at the close of the Paradiso, canto xxiii) suggested some of the most inspiring Marian subjects.

The Renaissance, though it originally infused elegance of form and attitude into pictorial subjects, culminated in the debasement of religious art; and the introduction of the portrait Madonna marks the transition from the age of Faith to the reign of taste. This began when artists had lost the spirit of their *metier* and lent themselves to the service of the nobility. This was especially remarkable in Florence, where, under the influence of the Medici, the churches were filled with paintings which were absolutely devoid of a

religious *motif*. Art had become so debased that Savonarola declared that "if painters knew as well as he did the influence of such paintings in perverting simple minds, they would hold their own works in horror and detestation." This craving for novelty by artists of the time led to the development of the *Naturalisti*, "who imitated nature without selection and produced some charming pictures; but their religious paintings are almost intolerable, and their Madonnas are all portraits. Rubens and Albano painted their wives; Allori and Vandyke, their mistresses; Domenichino, his daughter."

The sixteenth century, however,

produced some of the most illustrious painters of Marian subjects, among whom Raphael stands pre-eminent: not one of his Madonnas is a portrait. In Raphael's paintings we find the most beautiful impersonations of our Blessed Mother. No other artist, with the exception of Fra Angelico, has so sublimely portrayed her purity, power and humility.

THE most celebrated and most copied of Raphael's Madonnas is without question the *Sistine Madonna*, which now hangs in the Zwinger at Dresden. The writer has had the privilege of seeing this marvelous painting; but he does not hazard a description of it. Mrs. Jameson thus describes it in her *Madonna in Art*:

"I have never but once seen my ideal attained, there where Raphael—inspired if ever painter was inspired—projected on the space before him that wonderful creation which we style the *Madonna di San Sisto*; for there she stands—the transfigured woman, at once completely human and completely divine, an abstraction of power, purity, and love—poised on the empurpled air, and requiring no support; looking out, with her melancholy, loving mouth, her slightly sibylline eyes, quite through the universe, to the end and consummation of all things—and, as if she beheld afar off the visionary sword that was to reach her heart through Him now resting as enthroned on that heart; yet already exalted through the homage of the redeemed generations who were to salute her as Blessed."



CHRIST TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS, BY J. J. MEERTS

It may be added that one does not feel satisfied with a single visit to this great work of art; it must be seen several times. It leaves on the silent shores of memory precious thoughts that will ever endure.

The seventeenth century was remarkable in the development of Marian art; and we find that the most appealing subjects were produced by Spanish artists, of whom Murillo is perhaps the chief representative. Says an art lover: "The productions of the Spanish school are intensely human and sympathetic. This is because the Spaniards were intense and enthusiastic believers, not mere thinkers, in art as in religion."

Those interested in Marian Art will learn with great joy that there is now in the United States a remarkable copy of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." It is a huge mosaic, the largest and finest ever fabricated by the Vatican Mosaic Works, and is a gift of Pope Pius XI to the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington. The mosaic is 10 feet 6 inches high and 8 feet wide, and is housed in a temporary chapel of the crypt until it can be installed permanently in the upper church when the structure is completed. This great gift is a token of the affection of the Holy Father for his spiritual subjects in the United States.

HERE are several schools of Marian Art: the mosaics found at Ravenna, Capua, and elsewhere in Italy, are characterized by their stern quietude; Byzantine pictures, by their rigidity; Italian paintings and frescoes, by pensive sentiment; the German, by quaint simplicity; the Flemish, by prosaic portraiture; and the Spanish, by life-like feeling. Yet "There is a vision in the heart of each  
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness  
To wrong and pain, the knowledge  
of their cure;

And these embodied in a woman's  
form

That best transmits them pure as first  
received

From God above her to mankind  
below."

There are numerous artistic types of our Lady; and the impersonation changes, not only with the fluctuating tendencies of successive ages, but even with the caprices of individual artists.

In the old representations, our Lady appears as a woman of mature age; her head is veiled; the dress is a tunic with long sleeves; the unveiled Madonna was an innovation introduced about the end of the fifteenth century. To this period are

Serpent is the general symbol for Satan and sin; and is possibly referable to Genesis, iii, 15. The Apple—most common of the accessories—signifies the Fall which left humanity tainted with original sin. The Pomegranate was an ancient emblem of



THE MADONNA OF THE ROSARY BY BARTOLOMMEO MURILLO

referable certain accessories which have a mystic significance:

The Globe is an emblem of sovereignty; when placed under the feet of our Lady and encircled by a serpent it signifies our Redemption. The

Hope. Ears of Wheat and Grapes (placed in the hands of the Christ Child) are symbols of the Eucharist. The Olive branch is the symbol of peace; and it may be referred to in Dante's lines on the Annunciation:





A NATIVITY OF THE MODERN PERIOD

"That He bore the palm  
Down unto Mary when the Son of  
God  
Vouchsafed to clothe Him in terres-  
trial weed."

Doves are expressive of our Lady's gentleness and tenderness; and the Seven Stars (found encircling the head of our Lady) signify the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, thus characterizing her as the "Seat of Wisdom."

When Art began to decline we find animals introduced into Marian pictures. We have Bassano's dog, Baroccio's cat; and in a famous picture by Titian, "La Vierge au Lapin" (in the Louvre) we find the rabbit.

**S**OME titles under which our Lady is represented have historic significance; others are distinguished by some particular object in the composition:

*Santa Maria della Lettera* derives its title from a Sicilian tradition that the Blessed Virgin (the Protectress of Messina) honored the people of the city of Messina, by writing them a letter, from Jerusalem, in the year 42. In the picture she holds this letter in her hand.

*Santa Maria del Rosario* is commemorative of the institution of the Feast of the Holy Rosary, after the Battle of Lepanto (1571) in which the combined fleets of Christendom, led by Don Juan of Austria, gained a signal victory over the Turks. The Feast of the Holy Rosary was insti-

tuted by Pope Pius V. There is a splendid *Madonna del Rosario* in the Dulwich Gallery.

In the Louvre is a famous *Madon-*

*na della Vittoria* (by Mantegna) which commemorates the victory gained by the Mantuans over the French, near Forone, in 1495. Another picture with the same inscription is preserved at Siena. This picture has a singular history.

There are several pictures of our Lady which were executed in thanksgiving for deliverance from plague or pestilence. One of the most famous of such pictures is the *Madonna di San Sebastiano*, in the Dresden Gallery. It was painted by Corregio for the city of Modena, which was scourged by pestilence in 1512.

Another example of this class is *Il Pallione del Voto*, painted by Guido Reni at the command of the Senate of Bologna, after the cessation of the plague which desolated that city in 1630.

Votive Madonnas are quite numerous. A most precious picture of this class is the *Madonna of the Meyer Family*, by Holbein. It was painted for Jacob Meyer, Burgomaster of Basle; and is in the Dresden Gallery. This is declared to be one of the most wonderful specimens of Ma-



THE VIRGIN ADORES HER SON BY PIETRO PERUGINO



rian Art in existence; and "in purity, dignity, and intellectual grace this exquisite Madonna has never been surpassed, not even by Raphael."

One of Raphael's pictures is of the votive class; it was executed for Sigismund Conti of Foligno, private secretary to Pope Julius II, in thanksgiving for having been preserved from destruction by a meteor. It is known as the *Madonna of Foligno*, and is now in the Vatican.

SOME specimens of Marian Art are distinguished by titles derived from a particular object in the composition. In this class are: Raphael's *Madonna del Impanata* (Pitti Palace, Florence) which is so called from the window in the background being partly shaded by a piece of linen; the *Madonna del Pesce* (Prado) derives its title from the

fish which the young Tobias presents to our Lady; the *Madonna del Cardellino* (Uffizi), so called because John the Baptist presents a goldfinch to the infant Jesus; the *Madonna della Sedia* (Pitti Palace) is so named from the chair in which our Lady is seated. It is said that this picture is the best example of Raphael's early Marian subjects.

There is a painting by Caracci (Bridgewater Collection), styled *La Vierge aux Cerises* which is said to recall a quaint old legend which relates that before the birth of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin wished to taste of some cherries which hung upon a tree above her head; she asked St. Joseph to pluck them; and when he reached to get them, the branch bowed down to his hand. Correggio's *Vierge au Panier* (National Gallery, London) is so called from

the work-basket which stands beside our Lady; Leonardo da Vinci's *La Vierge aux Balances* gets its name from the scales held in the hands of the Infant Jesus; and Murillo's *Virgen de la Servilleta* ("The Virgin of the Napkin") derives its name from the napkin on which the artist painted it. I have seen this singular picture, and it is certainly most remarkable. It is preserved in the Picture Gallery of Seville, which was formerly the Church de la Merced. This picture was painted on a dinner napkin, and was a gift to the cook at the Capuchin convent in Cadiz, where the artist met with an accident which caused his death.

"Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,

Thy virtue, and thy great humility  
Surpass all science and all utterance."

## Jang Ssu of Changsha

A SIDELIGHT ON CONDITIONS IN HUNAN

By WINIFRED FEELY

THE sun is setting in a blaze of glory which lights the sky with a rosy glow. Some last rays of golden splendor hover over the straw-thatched, mud-walled farmhouses that are scattered over the flat country-side and light up the ancient, ruined pagoda, that marks the presence of a temple hidden among the trees. Wild ducks, wing their way across the muddy river and the air is filled with the soft whirr of their wings. Great horned, slate-colored, luminous-eyed water buffaloes plod along the bank of the river and on the broad back of one is perched a diminutive and ragged Chinese boy.

On catching sight of the junk sailing by, he waves his hand and calls out greetings in shrill tones. Following behind the animals are a number of farmers walking in single file and carrying their rough, farming implements. Two pause to stare at the boat while the rest continue on their way without evincing any interest. These are countrymen whose backs are bent with the long toil of the day. From early dawn these sons of the soil have been ploughing and working in the fields. With the approach of night they hasten homewards eager to partake of

the simple evening meal of boiled rice or kiao-liang flavored with chopped-up garlic.

The color in the sky deepens from rose to purple, and then to grey. There is no twilight in this part of China, so darkness presses close on the heels of the sunset. Already the twinkling lights of little oil lamps make their appearance in the distant farmhouses. The soft chirrup of sleepy crickets is heard in the grass. Now and again the raucous croak of a frog disturbs the stillness. The breeze dies away almost as if it fears to intrude on the hush of eventide. Night descends wrapping the earth in her mantle of forgetfulness.

Jang Ssu squatting at the rear of the junk that had sailed the Siang river for so many days en route from Hankow, was so deeply absorbed in watching the scene and thinking, that he did not notice when the great, brown sail patched in countless places with bits of blue and white cloth, was furled. True the boatmen had called out to him to lend them a helping hand, but he did not hear and even their loud, good-natured laughter fell on deaf

ears. It was not till the bottom of the junk grounded against the shale, that he woke from his reverie and realized that they were stopping. He sprang to his feet and rushed forward to help the men throw an anchor on to the bank and so make fast for the night.

At dawn the next day, they would continue on their journey until the town of Siangtan was reached. There they would meet the steam-launch that for a small consideration would tow the boat, and many others like it, to Changsha or the "City of Sandy Stretches," the capital of the province of North Hunan whither they were bound. Here Jang Ssu would disembark and hasten to his home within the city walls.

IT WAS dark when the boat was moored to the bank. Away in the distance glimmered the lights of the village they had passed some while before. There were no other boats in sight. From the poky cabin at the rear of the boat drifted the pungent odor of burning wood. Through the open doorway Jang Ssu could see the wife of the owner of the boat, moving here and there preparing the evening meal. There was a rattle of rice bowls. A little

girl of seven years or so stooped over the earthenware stove and stirred the contents of a large iron pan. Two younger tots squatted close by, deeply absorbed in all her movements.

It was not long before all received a portion of the steaming rice and cabbage which they promptly shovelled into their mouths with wooden chopsticks. The boatmen between mouthfuls of food exchanged guttural remarks of a bantering nature. Jang Ssu spoke but little; his hunger appeased, he rinsed his rice bowl in the river and then went off to make his preparations for the night. These were of the simplest nature. He spread his *pu-kai* (wadded quilt) on the deck as far away from the others as he could get, and lay down pillowing his head on a coil of rope that was conveniently near.

STARING at the stars a myriad of thoughts thronged into his mind. He retraced his steps and in fancy lived again the days of his youth which had been spent on the farm of his father. There, thirty miles from any town, modern civilization had never penetrated and things were the same as they had been in long-past centuries. Round that little, humble homestead with its beaten mud floor, its open doorway through which could be seen the graceful green tendrils of the willow trees waving over the pond, the village graves lay thick. How honored were the resting places of those ancestors whose bones had become the dust of the village! How dearly-loved were the fields, the scenes of their pastoral labors! Close by was the wayside shrine before which they always burned joss sticks that the gods might be coaxed into giving them good harvests. What a grief it was to leave the home of his fathers and go afar off to the distant town in search of work . . . but it had to be for a time of famine visited the land so that the rice bins were empty and the ground yielded no sustenance. The villagers were forced to abandon their homes and to wander off in search of food.

In that great exodus his parents died—as did countless others—and now their spirits awaited him in the shadowy land. How vivid yet were the memories of his wanderings and the many hardships that only ended when, with amazing luck, he secured the position of ricksha puller for an

American business man in Changsha. His kindly employer and benefactor, noting his willingness, his strength and ability, promoted him to be an under-coolie in his home and it was here that he came in contact with the kind *Tai-tai* (mistress) and the two sunny-haired children who were the joy of their parents' hearts.

For many years had Jang Ssu served his master and mistress with fidelity and devotion which was always well-rewarded and appreciated. The money he earned was good and soon was he able to save enough to pay the wedding dowry for a bride from Changteh, a town famed for the comeliness of its womankind. The marriage was a happy one for Jin Wha ("flower of gold") was good, strong, and a docile wife. Two daughters did she bear him, but he grieved much that the gods did not send them a son.

Then trouble came to mar the serenity of their peaceful existence. Political upheavals convulsed the land; there were frequent changes of Governors in the province. The advent of a victorious army—for civil war broke out—was marked by a ceremonious squeezing of the merchants and gently till their purses were flattened. The exit of evacuating troops was signalized by plunder and loot. The city was in a ferment, the people were driven into dumb passivity and then came the victorious Southern Army which conquered Hunan in its great drive down the Yangtze valley.

Anti-foreign feeling which had been steadily growing for some months under the direction of students, now flamed with intensity. Agitators exhorted the masses to rise against the white barbarians. The minds of the ignorant were filled with evil tales and they believed all that was told them. Walls were plastered with countless placards that bade the populace to rise and "Kill the foreigners" to "Annihilate Imperialism," to "Beat down every form of foreign religion" and to "Support the Kuomintang Principles." Processions were formed daily; Red banners were carried and the people marched past the homes of the Americans and Europeans offering them every insult and indignity.

Then was the *Nung Min Shay Wei* (Peasants' Union) formed and all workers, houseservants and laborers were forced to join the various branches organized by agitators who

came in the wake of the army. As mad dogs were these youths, foaming and raging with hatred against those who had done them no harm! Jang Ssu remembered how he was forced to join the union and to pay so much of his monthly salary to the ever-yawning coffers. That was an evil day for them all. From thence onwards they could hardly call their souls their own. Strikes became an every day occurrence, and in a short while no Chinese was permitted to work for the *white devils*.

What a day of anxiety that was when the foreign women and children had to be sent away to Shanghai on account of the ever-growing menace and danger to their lives. *Al-yah*, how vivid yet is that early morning when, after considerable difficulty and amid hostile demonstrations, his mistress and the little ones left the port in company with many other women and children. How they wept when he bade them *tsai jien* (till next meeting) and the mistress could hardly speak as she implored him to look after the *Dah-ban* (master) who had to remain behind to look after the property of his Company. With what pride he remembered how faithfully he had carried out the trust reposed in him, helping his master to escape from the house when it was attacked by an infuriated mob which gaining possession of the place, looted it completely and did much wanton damage. Was not he, Jang Ssu the servant, beaten unmercifully when he tried to restrain some of the soldiers and civilians from carrying off their plunder?

THESE were evil days when the *Dah-ban* in company with many other business men was forced to take refuge on the Island and suffer many privations, hardships, and indignities. All Chinese were forbidden to assist them in any way whatever; the Island was picketted so that the refugees should not be supplied with food or service. Many and many a time did he cross over the river, in a little sampan, and, at dead of night, evade the pickets and so manage to smuggle fresh food to his master. How *k'ur lien* ("full of heart bitterness") were these days when injustices abounded! What harm had these men and their families done? Had not they provided work in the past for hundreds of Chinese who were now faced with unemployment and starvation since

all business had ceased? How ungrateful were his people who so quickly forgot the days of famine when the foreigners had succored them and, by their generosity, had filled the empty rice bowls! It seemed as if the spirits of evil had chased away all gratitude, leaving blind hatred to reign in the land.

Jang Ssu lived again the days when he was forced to fly from Changsha. He and the other loyal servants—and there were many—were threatened with death since they persisted in aiding the refugees on the Island. His good master helped to get him away on a Japanese steamer that had come to evacuate the Japanese residents against whom the populace had also risen. *Aiyah*, what a day of sorrow it was when he took farewell of Jin Wha who was awaiting a third child. After many days of voyaging—they seemed endless—he passed through Hankow, Kiukiang, Wuhu, Nanking and then came to Shanghai where things were quieter owing to the presence of foreign soldiery. Was he happy in Shanghai? No! no! It was so noisy and vast that he felt quite bewildered. The Chinese spoke a different dialect and when he could not make himself understood they jeered at him and called him an "ignorant son of the soil." He was glad when his master arrived, having been obliged to flee from Changsha where now complete chaos and anarchy reigned. In time even his gladness was swamped by a veritable nostalgia of homesickness, and a longing for his own people.

**M**ONTHS passed. Came a time when Jang Ssu could stand it no longer. He felt he had to return since Jin Wha's hour of deliverance was nigh. Had not the fortune-teller predicted that this time the Goddess of Mercy had heard their prayers and would send the long-hoped for son? He must be there when the child came to brighten their days, for it was his duty to perform the rites of thanksgiving. The family gods and the ancestral tablets had to be worshipped with fitting and becoming solemnity.

It grieved him to leave his master who was so opposed to his return to Changsha, fearing that evil might befall him, but, his mind made up, Jang Ssu departed, carrying in his wallet the gift of three hundred dollars, a farewell present from

his employer. He journeyed many days, part of the way by steamer and the last part by junk and now the end of his wanderings was in sight. Things must have quieted down and all would be well . . . home—Jin Wha—his son . . . it was thus that sleep came upon Jang Ssu and his joys and troubles were all wiped from his mind.

The boat rocked lazily as the wanton wind stirred the surface of the water. All on board slept.

**T**wo days later the craft reached its destination. Amid tremendous din it forced its way through a whole fleet of other native boats and moored at the Bund. Jang Ssu collected his bundles and baskets, settled his account with the owner of the boat and hurried on shore. It did not take him long to hail a ricksha. After a little haggling and bargaining with the puller (for the price of the ride is always fixed beforehand) he found himself bumping along the dirty, cobbled streets of the city.

In half an hour Jang Ssu was home. There was much rejoicing in that humble dwelling, and the news of the return of the wanderer was quickly noised abroad. Many were the neighbors who called to offer *chin chins* (felicitations) and to partake of the hot tea served in the tiny red and gold china cups which Jang Ssu purchased in Kiukiang on his way back, and which he presented to his wife as a token of his affection. What a day of excitement and joy! How proud was Jin Wha, the children, his mother-in-law, to hear him talk of the wondrous sights he had seen in those far-off towns. There people rode in strange vehicles whose speed was terrific, and the noise of whose engines was enough to scare away all the demons that roamed the roads! There buildings were so large and so high that the roofs could not be seen from the roads. Shops were filled with treasures the like of which they could not even imagine. Electric lights were in such profusion that at night the streets were as light as day. There people wore silks and satins and at their meals had at least twenty different bowls of rich foods. Foreign soldiers as large as giants marched here and there protecting the people, the poor and the rich alike, from the depredations of evil characters and plundering soldiers.

There was no end to all the marvels that Jang Ssu had to relate and was it any wonder that he was regarded as a conquering hero who had seen all the vast world?

Early the next morning Jin Wha's pains came upon her and there was much bustle of preparation in the little home. The wicker cradle newly-painted a bright red for the occasion, was brought forth. In it wadded quilts covered with red sateen were placed and on the top of these several coins were strewn for luck. Incense sticks were lighted and stuck outside on the front door steps that the gods might be placated and look with favor on their desires. A small straw broom was hung on the lintel of the door that the evil spirits should be swept away from the habitation. All was now in readiness for the coming of the much-desired son.

At noon that same day, a number of students appeared at the house and, seizing Jang Ssu, they tied his arms behind his back and dragged him off, despite his protests and pleadings, in the direction of the Union Headquarters situated in the heart of the city. When the old woman tried to intervene they pushed her roughly aside. "We have caught him at last . . . the traitor and friend of Imperialists," they shouted. "Now let him give an account of himself and receive the punishment that is administered to the 'running dogs of foreigners.'" And Jang Ssu was dragged like a malefactor through the narrow streets of the city. The people spat at him and jeered and cursed his ancestors, which was the most terrible insult that they could offer him.

**I**T is the hour of sunset. From the doorway of a Buddhist temple streams the odor of burning incense sticks. Defiantly the crash of drums and tom-toms comes from within the shrine. Outside the sun sinks in golden splendor and its soft rays illumine the open space not a stone's throw from the temple gates where lies a headless body in a pool of blood. Close by is a pole on which hangs a small wooden cage containing a gruesome relic of the execution that has taken place a few hours previously. Sunshine hovers over the features that are stained with blood and mire. The countenance is marred by an expression of torment and anguish which death has not succeeded in erasing. It is



the head of Jang Ssu the loyal servant, nailed high that all passersby may see what ignominious death is meted out to a traitor and a friend of the hated foreigner.

**B**OOM . . . boom . . . boom . . . the drums are calling worshippers to prayer. The melodious chant of the Buddhist monks rises in the air. They are praising Buddha in the temple which is so dark that the flickering lights of the red candles, the offerings of the faithful, do not dispel the gloom. BOOM . . . BOOM . . . BOOM . . . Buddha the Jewel of the Lotus Flower, Buddha the Merciful, Buddha the Omnipotent . . . Buddha be praised and send peace to the land. BOOM . . . BOOM . . . BOOM . . .

Darkness hushes the turmoil of

the city. The street lamps and lanterns are lit. Wooden shutters are put up before the shops and securely barred. The streets are rapidly deserted. The night watchman makes his rounds in a perfunctory manner. Later he takes shelter under a doorway and calmly sleeps trusting that he will not foolishly waken should evil characters prowl round the vicinity of his beat. Now and again an ubiquitous vendor of hot cakes and steaming *mein* (macaroni) trudges through the road calling out in a hoarse voice or clicking the two bamboo sticks which are used to announce his coming. A squad of Southern soldiers with fixed bayonets marches by. They are making their night round of the sleeping city.

Only with nightfall did the sound of mourning and lamentations cease

in the home of Jang Ssu. Outside the doorway, now barred for the night, the symbolic broom for the sweeping away of the evil spirits still hangs against the lintel. Of the little handful of lighted joss sticks nothing remains but a heap of white ashes stirred every now and again by a gentle breeze. As the first streak of dawn appears in the sky, the stillness is broken by a faint cry, the wail of a newly-born child.

**N**OT till her son was placed in her arms did Jin Wha's fortitude desert her. Then, as she eagerly gazed upon that puckered little countenance and traced on it the lineaments of the child's dishonored father, a tempest of sorrow swept over her. Turning her face to the wall Jin Wha wept aloud.



## As Woman to Woman

THE ROMANCE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE

By MARY E. MCGILL

**R**OMANCE is as old as the completed world, reaching, as it does, back to the Garden of Eden. Eve was looking for it when she ate the forbidden fruit, and from that time to the present day her children still hunt for it. Happily, it may be found without the tragic result of sin, for sin never intrudes to brush aside the glamor of romance when we obey God's laws.

Our sturdy little boys thrill today, as did the boys of the long ago, to stories of the sea and tales of the wild—the wilder the better. Life would be stripped of much of its charm if they did not have their living heroes to root for—supermen to their way of thinking—visible romantic paragons, embodied in Babe Ruth, Tunney, Grange, Tilden and Lindbergh.

Romance is an unfading blossom in the heart of the maid. The little girl spells it out in the funny faces of her dolls. She hears it when the birds sing, and breathes it in the wind-blown fragrance of the flowers. She reacts to it in lilting strains of music and often, too, she finds her dreams rolled in rhyme, or more fully unraveled in fairy tales.

All children partake of spiritual romance, even the savage ones, and because our Lord loves these little ones He plays upon their baby hearts the most entrancing melodies. It were impossible to describe the spiritual romanticism that fills the minds and intoxicates the pure souls of the imaginatively alert, even in their earliest childhood.

We have grown narrow in our acceptance of the definition of romance. We are accustomed to associating it with affairs of the heart between man and woman. This gossamery romance is both normal and blissful, when rightly enjoyed, but erotic limitation robs the word of much of its real import. In fact, we all know there are sturdy implications in its syntax. For instance, there is the romance of *work*. Scientists experience this kind of romance; writers taste it! brave men and women daring the dangers of foreign heathen shores, intoxicated with the love of God and thirst for souls, revel in its exactitudes. Only those who love work—not for the exhaustion it entails but because it is

a means to an end—are rewarded by this ecstasy of the mind. Noble mothers receive the premium, too; likewise courageous fathers, who carry on cheerfully when responsibilities thrust their tired shoulders too far forward.

Favorably expressed in the vernacular, sane work carries a kick. It is the sort of kick that our young folks might indulge in with profit, notwithstanding most of their day is presumably devoted to mental acrobatics. Work is a sedative for adolescence, though one could not wish to witness youth overly settled, for the latter condition is perhaps as undesirable as excessive restlessness. But the point is: there is zest for amusement when pounding energies are not dissipated by a surfeit of entertainment.

We have the words of the Scripture that we must work. That decree was issued in the Garden of Eden. God had set but one restriction on Eve's romanticism. Woman-like, she chafed because she could not go out of bounds. Or, was it that she merely beat Adam to the experience of such irritation, being naturally the quicker of the two? Hard work for man is foreign to the original designs of our



Heavenly Father, He having planned for us peace and ease, with freedom from pain and anxiety. Hence, there is something in our very natures that rebels against labor. The Garden of Paradise was the vestibule of Heaven. Man, having held this threshold to bliss by Divine gift, has never entirely recovered from the shock of being thrown into the rough field of physical endeavor. It is the protest of the body that the mind must conquer. The virtuously industrious bravely accede to Divine penalty. If we could all bring ourselves to acceptance, our lives would be felicitous.

Labor we must. To endure it with patience; to put a song into it, and to weave romance out of it, will rob it of its tediousness and clothe it with a certain beauty—the quiet, steady beauty of duty fulfilled.

RECENTLY I encountered this sentence written by James Jerome: "It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do." The sincere sympathy of those who understand the pressing cross which weighs down the days of our *involuntarily* idle perhaps alleviates, to a small degree, their sorrow. To be bedfast with cancer, tuberculosis, paralysis, or any incapacitating affliction, or to experience the overwhelming lassitude of persistently aching nerves, or the weakness of a "bad" heart, and to see the world move spiritedly on, would be and is a severe trial to many noble souls, yearning to enjoy the stimulating romance of work and to welcome its healthy fatigue at the end of a day. These tired hearts are heroic when, with courage, they willingly perform their lifework: their romance of *patient enduring*. Crucifying self, they become true imitators of Divinity immolated. But those who have the health and ability to labor actively, whether with their minds or hands, have by far the easier part!

The more frivolous the mind, the more persistent is the seeking of outside diversion and the shirking of responsibility, for if there is little within to entertain or inspire we must draw from without a filler for our vacuum. Lightness of thought, fickleness of heart and shallow living evince an unspiritual poverty of spirit, expressed in feverish activities, ranging from the merely inane to the licentious—all pointing to an underlying cause. When such qualities are exhibited in youth, the basic cause is

generally conceded to be abdication of parental duties, with the consequent improper education of children and a neglect of their religious training, in particular. There follows a dearth of spiritual ideals, an irreverent discarding of sacred things, and the inescapable turning of the mind from God and His eternal truths.

I presume to suggest there is another cause, not primal but, nevertheless, potent. It is the positive *fear* of work that is taking hold of our people. This is an unstable byproduct of the period. We find it in our little ones. They are all looking for an easy time. They want the best there is but they do not offer to pay the price. Perhaps it is natural predatoriness to take all one can get, but nature should not be the master in a Christian civilization. It is the lack of the supernatural which is bringing to us the embryo of the wrecking unrest and irreligion which now envelops parts of the old world civilization. Radical socialism, unchecked, breeds virulent germs which are so malignant that they thrive even where no conscious welcome is extended. There are "volunteers" on our own soil. If we want to keep these self-invited shoots from becoming permanent guests in our land, we need to eradicate the idea of getting something for nothing. I think we need to look into the home for much of the trouble, and to focus our attention on our women—wives and mothers, sisters and daughters.

I was blessed with nine years in a Convent boarding school. There I was taught to expect the best from women and to be satisfied with nothing short of aiming at perfection in their womanhood. Because of this training, I entertain the old-fashioned, but none the less true belief; that woman must set the example. Some of us women who have had long contacts with the business world and an opportunity to study woman's reactions, do not think she possesses a markedly stronger moral vitality than man. Indeed, we know her affections often weaken her and, if she were left to battle alone, she would be unable to cope with situations presented. But, happily for the world, God has refined her otherwise weak nature by a quick responsiveness to His grace, and through the centuries His Church has urged her pursuit of a high ideal.

The Catholic woman has before her the model of the Virgin Mother, to guide her in purity and strengthen

her will for right. Woman's harkening to the supernatural and the defence the Church has always built around her constitute her greatest barriers to evil and her means of overcoming the weak bent of her nature. Even society, cruel though it often is, has done a kindly act for her in the establishment of its conventions. Human respect is strong in the lives of most of us, and it has been known to be a deterrent from vice when conscience was dormant, and for this reason, if for no other, convention serves a good purpose. It is a moral prop for the weak woman who is untutored in religion or willfully neglectful of God, and it retroacts as a protection to society. While convention is all of this, at times it is very unjust to the violator of its code, when the offender has corrected her ways. This is a condition that matured Catholic women should meet, according to the dictates of prudence and Christian charity.

With this loyalty for woman in mind, and before I comment on her growing distaste for home-making, which may awaken antagonism, I desire to go on record as being, in a practical way, shoulder to shoulder for women in the business world, in an effort to secure for the timid just compensation for their work, comfortable environment and decent consideration; that I am for the wife whose heart is torn by the acts of a delinquent husband—though I believe there are just as many men with spirits bruised by their wives—and that I am for the girl whose spirit is broken by the trifling of a selfish sensualist—though I think there are just as many men set back by selfish women. It would appear, therefore, that the writer entertains the opinion that in this world, so far as human frailties are concerned, it is perhaps a fifty-fifty proposition between men and women. But there is a certain difference, and all good men are quick to acknowledge it. Parenthood entails suffering, sorrow and responsibility for the mother that a father can know but little about, and men, with the most ordinary virtue, give recognition to this fact, while men of finer mould reverence it.

THOSE who appreciate home life, but who are daily thrown into the outside world, have come to know its ways, sense its undercurrents, hear its restless movements and, because of our love of the sacred things of

home, we believe we are not wrong in urging young wives and mothers to stay more closely in their homes, away from the discontent of women who are wilfully free of the responsibilities of motherhood, and who vainly look for a surcease from their dissatisfactions, and the sting of living without a holy incentive, where no remedy is to be found. If no greater harm is done, frequent association with women who lack a spiritually directed purpose towards a definite end leads to frivolity, expressed in flippant words and acts, both destructive of Catholic poise and Catholic standards.

**S**OMETHING is radically imperfect in the character of our women who refuse the duties of their home, where the natural order of things prescribes such assumption. This shirking of domesticity is not confined to the educated woman, who inclines to music, literature or other mental activities, and whose natural aptitude is towards the things of the mind rather than manual performance. A trained mind usually has sufficient perspective to see the necessity of compliance with circumstances; the greater the mental poise, the quicker the rebound to meet life's contingencies.

Woman should excite little sympathy when she rails against home-making, particularly when she has made herself liable for the obligation by marriage, or when it is manifest she is best qualified for this venture in usefulness. Correct cuisine, and good housekeeping have properly been catalogued Domestic Science. It is becoming the vogue for women to decry against cooking and all forms of domesticity. This outbreak might well prove alarming, for the age witnesses no appreciable tendency towards national etherealization. Families must still be fed.

These women (domestic rebels) mention the preservation of their hands and figures in their protest against household duties. A beautiful hand remains beautiful in spite of dish-washing and scrubbing, with a reasonable amount of soothing lotion applications. An unshapely hand, coarse-grained, with blunt fingers and ugly nails, persists in its natural alignments notwithstanding the crisp currency that may rest in my lady's palm, to be dispensed to the beauty culturist, or in the employment of servants to preserve its texture and contour from work defilement. If you doubt

me, study the hands of some of our well-to-do, and then look at those of a charming wife and a devoted mother who ornaments her cheerful bungalow. There is character in the hand; there is likewise grace and beauty, or the lack of it. God bestows upon one a lovely face, another a hand that expresses gentleness, artistic talent, and sometimes (this is the loveliest of all) purity—an other-world shadow. To others He gives a striking physique, while others are favored with brawn and muscle that carry no suggestion of dissolution.

A reasonable amount of physical exercise — the maximum exertion to which most women are subjected in their homes—is good for the preservation of the health. It keeps the body supple and graceful; tones up the digestive powers, increases circulation and rids a woman of her accumulated acrimony (if she is unfortunate enough to have any, and most of us have), and should set her at right angles with her family.

This is not a treatise on unnecessary manual labor just for the sake of tiring muscles and fatiguing brain tissue. On the contrary, I hail with thanksgiving the inventive genius of man which has contrived so many work-saving apparatuses for the home. And I find in my heart small patience with the housewife who through her own fault fails to equip her homestead with all the electrical fixtures that will lighten her burden; further, no whit of praise ever falls from my lips for the false economy of some women who through parsimoniousness decline to employ a maid when finances permit.

There is always something for a woman to do in her home, if she loves it, even though she merely supervises. Personally, I should like about ten servants instead of the luxury of a cleaning maid. I tell you this that you may not dub me a nice little hypocrite. And I hope I would be good to them. More than likely I would develop arrogance—better than I, suddenly grown affluent, have been known to change their kindly proclivities. There are women born lowly, whose physical constitution and patient endurance from generations of servitude fit them for humble acceptance of menial tasks in another's house. (It should not tax humility to perform any necessary duty in one's own home.) But women in service are entitled to a livelihood under conditions that will preserve their

self-respect. Real aristocrats and the truly cultured are not fearful of their positions suffering by charitable contacts and Christian kindness, but the newly arrived, the insecurely perched, are frequently known to be cowardly in their recognition of the poor or the lowly-placed, and inconsiderate in their attitude towards the ignorant. Someone has said: "The happiest people are those who are too busy to notice." This thought might suggest an anodyne for the discontented who are humbly stationed, or for those who are subjected to inexcusable unkindnesses.

Because I am a woman, most of my thoughts in this article have revolved around the romance of work for women. But there is a stronger underlying motive impelling the writing of this paper. It is my belief that if the home is to be preserved in the full meaning of that sacred word, respect for its duties must be cultivated and the round of domesticity elevated to a science. Women need rest periods, a change from their own cooking, and entertainment that will lift them out of the routine of monotonous housekeeping demands, but if they are properly to keep the home-fires burning, their flights from their own hearths must be well timed and not too frequent.

Repeated outpourings of the whole family into cafeterias, thence to movies depicting luxuries that but very few can afford, and more often than not showing questionable situations to child minds, do not rest mothers — certainly not the poor father, who has to pay the bill—and frequently start in children hypersensitiveness to evil during the tender years of growth. Most men are tired when they come home in the evenings and they would welcome enjoyment of their family circle, if they had half a chance. But instead of the radio, games, reading, music and an exchange of thoughts, dinner is barely over before the family hegira is under way! Few care to have friends come in. Everybody wants to go, go. And where? To purchased amusement, of course. American family life is paying in full for its attractions and distractions outside the home, in forfeits of loyalty to ties of blood and bonds of inspiring friendship.

**I** READ not long ago that Herbert Spencer warned against the craze for work. In our time of multiple distractions not many people are

thus obsessed. Few indeed *overwork*, but many *over-worry*. The warning might profitably be amended to a caution against the craze for novelty and the insatiate demand for amusement and freedom from responsibility. Too much recreation reacts more deleteriously on the mind than does overwork. Overwork exhausts and deadens the faculties, it is true, but when it is not accompanied by worry and discontent, sufficient sleep and rest restores exuberance. But excessive pleasure-seeking and frivolous indulgence dissipate the cells of the brain and drug the soul. There follows a washed out mind-basin and a heart devitalized; then the intellect loses its power to reason correctly and the heart becomes unresponsive to spiritual inspirations. We have the paradox of the worldling being in his right mind but mentally dead!

THE Virgin Mary was the most beautiful of women. We Catholics know that the perfect flowering of her soul found outward expression in exquisite refinement, lovely gentleness, winning attractiveness and complete perfection of womanhood. She, who could have been placed by her Divine Son on a queen's throne, performed her own domestic duties. She was the model home-maker. Poverty rested there, though we doubt not that flowers softened its bare outlines and that the birds clung to the branches of the trees shading the humble dwelling, and filled the place with their song. St. Joseph, her protector and chaste spouse, provided for her and the growing Christ-Child to the best of his capacity. *He* labored with his hands, though of the royal house of David. It is a soulful picture that in which we vision the aged man peacefully and steadily performing his duty to Wife and Child and to God. We can also vision Mary's shapely hands washing the scant garments that were to clothe the tender flesh of the little Jesus; we can see her move about quietly, methodically, cleaning their simple home, which we may consistently reason was sparsely furnished, and learn from her the art of willingly preparing the necessary nourishment for physical existence. She was cheerful, gracious and diligently occupied, but not *too* busy. She had time to heed the baby prattle of her Son, and it is reasonable to believe there were many words of encouragement spoken to St. Joseph. Age crowded his movements and often he

must have grown very tired. In the home of Nazareth—the second Garden of Eden—there was experienced no restless need of adventuring, no wild craving for excitement, no irritability because of irksome daily duties. Their work was sweet because it was *consecrated*. And there the Holy Child grew.

OUR present-day child grows in our present-day home. Our modern child will mature into a force for good or evil. If the home is right, the majority of our children will become good men and women, though it saddens us to know there will be some who, in spite of correct training and tender affection, will use their free will to their own detriment and to that of their associates.

In the home at Nazareth we find

not only the idea of our romance in work, but the ideal of every form of romance, for the true story of Jesus, Mary and Joseph constitutes the world's sweetest romance. It is the story of the outstanding historical adventure of mankind, spiritualized in the practical performance of everyday *obligations*; an adventure which has forever glorified work and robbed it of its harshness. If Jesus, the God-man could stoop to labor, if Mary, His cherished mother, and Joseph, His respected foster-father, dwelt in lowly circumstances that made work a necessity why should not the rest of us welcome the opportunity to weave from our work, mental or physical, a cloak that will entirely cover our human weaknesses when we essay our culminating enterprise?

## Tyrone Among the Bushes

By CATHAL O'BYRNE

IN TYRONE among the Bushes a little rounded hill  
Rises green and airy above the fairy town,  
That nestles in the valley, all peaceful, white and still,  
Like a drift of huddled snow-flakes among the heather brown.

In Tyrone among the Bushes a little Irish lark  
Sings all his happy heart out, above the breezy heather  
Where, with humming of the brown bees, yourself, from  
dawn to dark,  
Would be moidered with the music altogether.

In Tyrone among the Bushes, while grows the Irish  
grass  
And while runs the laughing water, you'll be welcome  
any day,  
For 'tis there the kind "God save you" will greet you  
as you pass,  
And "God's blessing on your going out" be with you  
on your way.

Oh, my blessing on the dawning above the kindly hills,  
And where the purple gloaming steals among the wood-  
land hushes  
And my seven thousand blessings on the laughing light  
that fills  
The hearts and happy valleys of Tyrone among the  
Bushes.



# A Great Pageant of Faith

ANENT THE INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN CARTHAGE

By WALTER LENNOX

IT is a remarkable fact that the three greatest devotional movements in Catholicism within the last hundred years owe their inception to the zeal of pious Catholic womanhood. The first great movement was the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, established at Lyons in 1822 by Mlle. Pauline Jaricot, who, perhaps, had heard in some mysterious way, of a similar project which had been conceived some time before by Mgr. Dubourg, second Bishop of New Orleans. This was the first systematized attempt to interest Catholics in the great crusade of spreading the Faith; and it has gloriously achieved its purpose. Proof of this is abundantly evident, notably in our own country, whose activities in this direction have been marvellous: every Religious Order has entered the Foreign Mission

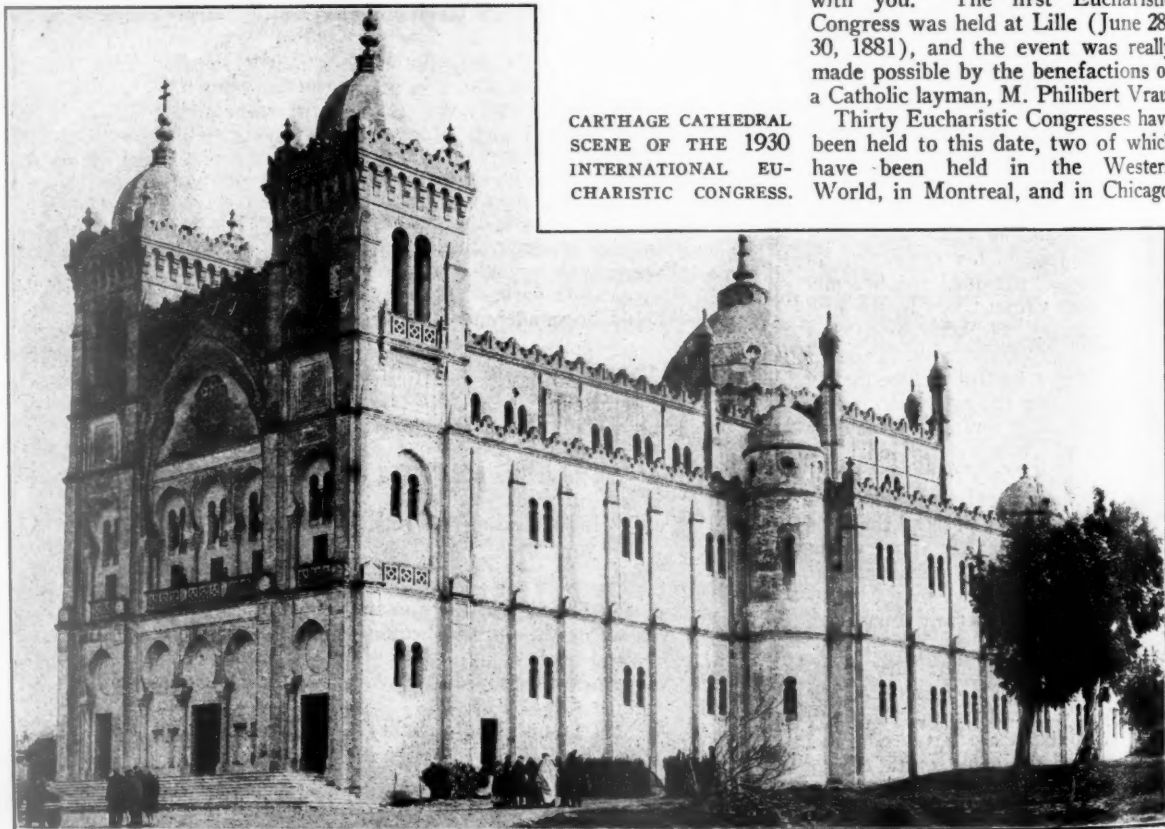
Field, and an organization—the Maryknoll Mission—has been established to labor only in foreign lands. Several excellent periodicals have been established, e.g., *The Sign*, *the Field Afar*, *The Far East*, *Catholic Missions*, and others whose *raison d'être* is "Foreign Missions," and in every diocese of the land there is a branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to develop and foster the missionary spirit.

International Eucharistic Congresses owe their inspiration to the vision and earnest pleadings of a pious young woman of Tours, Mlle. Marie Marthe Tamisier, who, at the moment when aid was imperatively needed, received encouragement and support from another American prelate, Mgr. Dubuis, Bishop of Galves-

ton, Texas. He it was who submitted the plan and projects of Mlle. Tamisier to the Holy See, and obtained the endorsement of Pope Leo XIII. When Mgr. Dubuis returned from Rome after presenting to the Holy Father the plan and memorandum which Mlle. Tamisier had prepared, he said: "I have informed Leo XIII of all your Eucharistic desires. The Holy Father did not wait to hear me out, but eagerly interrupted me. He also believes in our salvation through the Eucharist. He gave the Apostolic Benediction to each of the signers of the petition, mentioning them by name. As I was about to withdraw, the Pope deigned to say to me: 'You cannot give me greater pleasure than to speak about the Eucharist. I will grant everything for Eucharistic works.' For the present, therefore, you can go forward with your plans; the blessing of the Church is with you." The first Eucharistic Congress was held at Lille (June 28-30, 1881), and the event was really made possible by the benefactions of a Catholic layman, M. Philibert Vrau.

Thirty Eucharistic Congresses have been held to this date, two of which have been held in the Western World, in Montreal, and in Chicago,

CARTHAGE CATHEDRAL  
SCENE OF THE 1930  
INTERNATIONAL EU-  
CHARISTIC CONGRESS.



and one in the Antipodes, at Melbourne. That these great Pageants of the Faith have produced marvelous results is but a trite expression. Says the author of *The Eucharistic Renaissance*: "... International Eucharistic Congresses are nothing if not powerful torches to enkindle the zeal of the people for better things. The sight of thousands who glory in the possession of the Faith and are touched by the tendernesses of the Eucharist must necessarily, and almost involuntarily, affect the souls of the coldest ... Men rejoice before the Lord in conscious assurance of His nearness and with the positive conviction that they have a role to play in winning back the world to Christ. ... In church, in the procession, at Benediction in the public places, these men realize that salvation must come from the Hidden Lord ..."

**P**ART from the effects upon the Catholic participants in a Eucharistic Congress many who are beyond the Pale have received inspiration and enlightenment. It is truly wonderful how they seem to be affected by external celebrations in which the Eucharistic message comes to them. The writer recalls an incident which occurred at Oberammergau in 1922, which exemplifies this quite patently. One of the beautiful scenes of the Passion Play is "The Institution of the Blessed Eucharist," in which the setting is very artistic and devotional: you seem to live and breathe in the Divine presence. During the interlude I chanced to return to my lodging with a Protestant broker from New York City. He remarked: "I never before realized why you Catholics hold the Lord's Supper in such veneration; I now understand the reason, and I must confess I did not think a hard-hearted money-getter like myself could ever experience such a feeling as I did during that scene, The Institution of the Blessed Eucharist; you seem to hear the voice of Christ and feel the supernatural atmosphere of His presence." When this occurs as a result of a mere representation, one can imagine what is the effect after witnessing the Real Presence.

The great Feast of Christ the King also owes its inspiration to a devout daughter of Paray-le Monial, Madame de Noailles, who with her husband, the Chevalier de Noailles, published for many years a charming

brochure whose purpose was to give effect to the desire of Pope Pius X, the Pope of the Eucharist, "to re-establish the rights Our Lord possesses in the Blessed Sacrament to be loved and served as King, as happened in the ages of Faith, since in our times this spiritual and temporal sovereignty is denied."

Eucharist Congresses, as may be inferred by these pregnant words, no doubt hastened the coming of the great encyclical, *Quas primas* (December 11, 1925), and the institution of the Feast of Christ the King.

Eucharistic Congresses revive the memory of the institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi (1247) and the other great Eucharistic feasts and organizations in the Church, and recall the life of the "Apostle of the Eucharist," Blessed Eymard, whose spiritual children have been the most ardent promoters of devotion to the Eucharistic Christ.

When we consider that the Blessed Eucharist is the great secret of the life of the Catholic Church, and the source whence her children derive their spiritual comfort, it is but natural that Eucharistic works must hold a paramount place in the economy of the Institution of which Christ Himself is the Founder.

For centuries Protestantism in its various hues and colors has been arrayed against the Eucharistic Christ; and persecutions, relentless and cruel have been the portion of the God of the Tabernacle. Hallowed shrines have been robbed of their holiest treasure; the light of the Sanctuary has oftentimes been extinguished; but "in vain have the Gentiles raged." The Catholic priesthood—ministers of the Eucharist—were hounded to death in Ireland during the days of penal woe; they were guillotined in France during the Revolution; they were gibbeted in England—but the priesthood still survives, more vigorous for having been tried in the crucible of affliction. The reason? "Behold I am with you all days unto the consummation of the world." The Eucharistic priesthood cannot be destroyed, because it is the ministry of the teachings of the Incarnate God.

All Catholic dogma rests in the Eucharist; and whoever believes in this Mystery makes an Act of Faith in the Mystery of the Atonement; for the God of the Tabernacle is the Christ of the Pretorium and of Calvary. Faith in the Eucharist implies belief in the Incarnation, of which it

is the mysterious perpetuation. Whoever believes in the Eucharist believes in the Blessed Trinity, since we cannot receive it without confessing that He Who gives Himself to us is the Son of the Eternal Father, whose sacred humanity was formed by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost. Belief in the Eucharist implies belief in the Church of Christ, because her priests are its ministers, and her tabernacles its custodian. Remove the Blessed Eucharist, and hope in a future life becomes uncertain; spiritual authority has no sanction; man's redemption is incomplete; and God would seem but a strange and mysterious Being—the Jehovah of the Jews, without the attribute of mercy.

**T**HE Eucharist gives religion its beauty, preserves it, vivifies it, ennobles it. What renders the Catholic Church so appealing in its attractiveness? Because it is the Temple of the Living God—the new Bethlehem where God becomes Incarnate whenever the Sacrifice of the Mass is offered. The Temple of Jerusalem was venerable and holy to the Jews, because it contained the Ark of the Covenant, the Books of the Law, and the Manna of the Desert. The Catholic Church is greater far than was Solomon's Temple; for within it are the Altar of Propitiation (of which the Ark of the Covenant was the figure), the Author of the Law, the Manna of Heaven, and an Eternal priesthood. Nor is this all—the Blessed Eucharist invests everything in the Catholic Church with a character of incomparable dignity; the pulpit is the chair of the Gospel; the Altar is a New Calvary whereon the Son of God, in a mystic manner, renews the Tragedy of the Cross; the Confessional is a Tribunal where, in the person of the priest, Jesus receives sinners unto mercy and pardon.

When the Ark of the Covenant fell into the hands of the Philistines, the Israelites wept and bemoaned: "Behold! God has withdrawn His presence from us." This was symbolic of a later day when Protestantism removed the Real Presence from noble sanctuaries in lands where once the Catholic Church was the Temple of the Living God. The world is now reaping, notably in these unfaithful lands, the harvest of discontent, misery, strife, and moral degradation.

Eucharistic Congresses attempt "in

their feeble way to make reparation for the sins of those who have wandered so far afield and have remained so long in an alien country that they have no memory of their Father's house nor of His loving kindness (and) . . . they are the most powerful means we know today to stave off the avenging anger of God."

THIS explains why the Congresses are International; why people of every clime and every race gather to participate in these Pageants of the Faith. This is the answer to the question which is often asked these days: "Why should a Eucharistic Congress be held in Carthage?"

Every Catholic venerates sacred places and holds in deepest reverence spots that have been hallowed by the footprints of saints. Carthage is a hallowed spot, for there myriad saints have trod and there countless martyrs died for the Faith.

In early Christian times Carthage was, after Rome, the greatest glory of the Catholic Church, and it once rivalled in splendor Antioch and Constantinople; and though it no longer occupies a large place in the political and commercial world, it is still an evidence of our Faith; and the tides along the Libyan shore chant daily Requiems for numberless

Christians who lived and died within its borders. They were so numerous towards the end of the second century that Tertullian, the great Christian lawyer of Carthage, boasted that the progress of Christianity was so remarkable that the time was approaching when paganism would have nothing left but its empty temples. Fifty years later came the heroic St. Cyprian; and the period of his episcopate (249-258) was one of the most glorious in the annals of the Carthaginian Church. St. Cyprian died a martyr during the persecution under Valerian.

A century later, when the era of persecution had passed, it witnessed the advent of St. Augustine, the intellectual genius of Christianity; and no Bishop of the Catholic Church exercised a greater influence over his own and subsequent ages.

Carthage always held the primacy of the African Church; and, when in the eleventh century, St. Leo IX was asked to decide regarding the primacy of ancient Numidia, he wrote these words—now engraved on the great Basilica of Carthage—"*Sine dubio, post Romanum Pontificem, primus Nubiae episcopus et totius Africae Maximus Metropolitanus, est episcopus Carthaginiensis*" (Without doubt, after the Roman Pontiff, the chief

Bishop of Numidia and Primate of all Africa is the Bishop of Carthage).

The history of the Church in Carthage is obscure from the eleventh century until the latter part of the nineteenth, when Pope Leo XIII (in 1884) revived the Archiepiscopal See of Carthage, and appointed as its Metropolitan the famous Cardinal Lavigerie who built the splendid Cathedral of St. Louis, on the slope of Byskra which looks down upon the ruins of the erstwhile great metropolis; and here will be held the sessions of the International Eucharistic Congress during the early days of May.

CARTHAGE is redolent of sacred memories; the days spent there during the Congress will make a mental album of unforgettable pictures. The Congress may not equal in splendor the Congress held in Melbourne; it may not have the multitudinous acclaim of the Congresses held in Montreal and Chicago; but it will have deeper significance. It will revive the distant past of Catholicism; it will evoke memories of great saints who have trod this hallowed ground; it will reveal, perhaps as no other International Congress has done, the "self-renewing power of the ever-living Church."

## The Miracle Wrought in Joan

A GIRL'S REACTIONS TO LOURDES

By JAMES B. YELANTS

THE contrast was painful between the burly, red-faced doctor and his frail little patient. Perhaps he felt it, and showed it in the look he turned on her, for she asked,

"Am I very ill, doctor?"

The voice was thin, reedy, a mere whisper. Her dark eyes, so prominent now in the wasted face, spoke more eloquently than her voice.

The man who for thirty odd years had been accustomed to answering such questions without a tremor felt abashed before the simple directness of this child. He gazed at the white face framed in its dark hair and hesitated.

"Not so ill as some folk I've seen get better," he replied ambigu-

ously. He did not add that, though they had "got better" as he termed it they had suffered relapses which had proved fatal. Child though she was, Joan saw through the subterfuge and a wan smile played about her lips. It was almost roguish.

"You shouldn't tell stories," she said, and then added more gravely, "I'm not afraid."

No, she was not afraid—this strange child with the elfin smile—he knew that. Facing the Unknown, she did not quail. It was not that she did not realize what death was. She had seen an elder sister die of the same dread disease, had watched

the last struggle and been present as the tired body was lowered into the earth. It was not ignorance, therefore, which enabled her to say with such an accent of sincerity, "I'm not afraid."

"But you want to get better, Joan?" He had not meant to ask the question. If he had thought for a moment before speaking, he would have checked himself lest the words might awaken hopes he knew could not be fulfilled.

"Oh yes," the patient whispered, "I want to get well and run about again like I used to."

"Well, we must do what we can," she heard him say.

Joan had found a way into this big man's heart. He was not a senti-



mental man—his profession forbade that. Scarcely would he have been called tender-hearted. People put up with his brusqueness on account of his skill, but few had broken through the husk of that rough manner to the inner core of human sympathy. Joan had done it. Had you asked her how, she could not have told you. She was accustomed to people pitying her, loving her, and that Dr. Sedley was no exception did not seem strange to her. She accepted the fact as she accepted everything, good or evil, calmly. But with him it was different. He tried to laugh himself out of it, accounting it a weakness. Sometimes he would assume a roughness he did not feel lest the very real tenderness of which he was conscious should become apparent. Despite his professional stoicism, however, Joan's frail hands were pulling at his heart-strings. A childless man, he was hungrier than he knew for fatherhood, and that hunger in some mysterious way she partly satisfied. It was this fact which alone accounted for the time he had spent on the case and the persistence with which, to the last, he had clung to the hope of being able to save her.

THUS things stood when, calling on his patient one morning shortly after the conversation reported, Dr. Sedley found her eyes lit up with a glow of happiness. Responding to his look of surprise, Joan held up a letter.

"Read it!" she said in her thin voice.

He took the missive she offered and scanned it through. It was from an uncle who was presumably rich, for he stated that he was joining a pilgrimage to Lourdes and wanted to take his niece with him to see what Our Lady would do for her. The faith which these good people put in the possibilities of this distant shrine astonished and angered the man of science, and his face showed it. "Do people still believe in that sort of thing?" asked his wrinkled brow. But all that his lips said was, "Your uncle evidently doesn't realize the difficulties of so long a journey for one in your condition."

The looks of mother and daughter fell. Was he going to forbid his patient undertaking the venture? That indeed was his intention, but he found it harder to enforce than he imagined. Mrs. Mathews, desperately struggling

in a sea of trouble, clung to the hope held out by the letter as a drowning sailor might cling to a raft.

"'Tis the Blessed Mother's own doing," she exclaimed. "She's after giving Joan the chance to be cured and 'twould be a sin not to take it. There's wonderful miracles at Lourdes. Maybe ye haven't heard—"

She was proceeding to relate marvelous instances of recovery from diseases pronounced incurable, when a growl of impatience and the hardening of the lines round his mouth reminded her that she was talking to an unbeliever.

"If you insist on this—this idea of yours," she heard, "you must take the entire responsibility. To me it seems madness, murder."

Joan put her thin hand on the doctor's hairy fist and turned her large dark eyes on him. He thought he detected tears in them. That was more than he could stand and he withdrew his hand and averted his gaze. It was weak, he told himself, to be influenced by such means. The girl was a witch, but she should not bewitch him.

"The entire responsibility is yours," he repeated to make sure of his firmness in the matter.

"Is it such a very long journey?" asked the girl. That voice stealing into his heart again! If he listened to it he would relent.

"We'll see how you are tomorrow," he conceded, addressing Mrs. Mathews. "In the meanwhile, remember that, if she goes and anything happens, the fault will be yours. I wash my hands of it." He hoped that the respite would give reason time to work and that the excitement caused by the unexpected offer would cool. Moreover, he wanted time to fortify himself against the insidious pleading of Joan's eyes.

"Gross superstition," he growled to himself as he left the room. "It's a pity to see so bright a child brought up in such ignorance."

But sitting that night in his book-lined study, he reviewed the case. Was it such folly as he had at first thought, he asked. These people had faith, and however absurd from a scientific point of view their beliefs might be yet instances were known of those cured by hypnotizing themselves into a certain state of mind. There was something in what they called "the power of suggestion." Too much had been made of drugs, too little of the mental state of the

patient. If this girl really believed the Virgin Mary would heal her—well, the thing might happen. Of course, in the event of a cure, (he took care to assure himself) it wouldn't be the Virgin but merely the effect of suggestion. The same thing would happen if they prayed to the moon, supposing they really believed the moon could help them. Thus did Dr. Sedley arm himself against "superstition" and at the same time relieve himself from the necessity of seeming harsh to his pet.

"And you really think that Lourdes may send you back well and strong?" he asked the next day.

"If He wills," said the girl simply.

"That's right," he assured her. "You stick to that and you'll be all right."

"Doctor believes in Our Lady, too," Joan informed her mother as that individual entered the room. "He's going to let me go."

What need to relate the incidents of that Pilgrimage! It was like all other pilgrimages, a mingling of the sublimity of faith and the pathos of human suffering. Joan stood the journey well, delighting in everything she saw and everyone she met. As usual friends clustered round her. The unconscious art by which she attracted others and won their sympathetic help was never so much in evidence. She became a general favorite, Her uncle, a devout Catholic, fondly hoped that the same art would prevail with Heaven as well as it did on earth.

BUT alas! The ways of God are not to be calculated upon. The returning party was not without its trophies of faith. One who had gone on crutches came back without them. A bed-ridden woman was able to enjoy the unwonted experience of taking feeble steps and declaring herself on the way to complete recovery. But Joan Mathews was not among those singled out for Heaven's favor. It was the same frail little body that was carried back which, but a short while before, had moved from her home. All the trouble and expense had been for nothing. The news reached Mrs. Mathews ahead of the invalid's arrival. The poor woman was overcome with disappointment. She was used to trouble, but she had so hoped that this last one might be spared her. It was in a voice broken with suppressed sobs that she imparted

the sad information to the doctor.

He observed her distress and took the news with a certain grim satisfaction, as much as to say, "I told you so." She did not derive much comfort from him.

"Perhaps this will teach them a lesson," was his own private comment. "Most of this religious devotion is cupboard love," he went on. "When a savage's fetish fails to give satisfaction his worship is abandoned. Quite a sensible proceeding! What is the good of a god that can't or won't work miracles? Well, we shall hear less talk about 'Our Lady' now, and fewer stories of the marvels she has wrought."

But his calculations were sadly out of reckoning. Joan took his proffered hand on her return with a smile of welcome. He could not find a trace of disappointment on that happy face. Her rosary lay on the bed and his fingers played idly with it as he talked to her. She saw the movement and said, "I'd like you to have that, doctor, when I'm gone. It'll be my thank-you for all you've done for me."

HE TOOK up the little thing almost timidly.

"It's been blessed," she told him.

"I was thinking," he remarked slowly, "how nice it will be to have this by which to remind me of you. But I don't know that I have done much to deserve it. All you've got out of me is a lot of nasty drugs. Eh?" They made no secret now as to the incurable nature of her malady.

"Oh, but you've been ever so nice," was the reply. "Having you come to see me has made it much easier to bear the pain."

She pulled his grey head down to her pillow and whispered, "You're a dear; that's why I've given it to you."

In those last weeks of her suffering they drew closer together, almost realizing the relations of father and daughter. She found a new name for him, suggested by the mournfulness which he could not now disguise; she called him Old Grumpy. Pain, which he could not alleviate, would sometimes steal into her eyes, but when he saw it and she saw that he saw it, a smile would break out like a burst of sunshine on a stormy day, and she would strain her all-but inaudible voice to say,

"Don't look like that Old Grumpy. I'll soon be cured now."

Nothing could cloud her joy, and,

over all the veiled suggestions wherein his scepticism found expression, her faith triumphed gloriously. Her certainty amazed him. He had thought that what he regarded as the failure at Lourdes would weaken her attachment to the Church, but the very contrary seemed to be the case.

"I don't love you any the less because you can't cure me," she argued with more wisdom than her eyes would have given her credit for, "why should I love God less because He didn't cure me when I asked Him?"

Without a cloud of doubt on her face, she passed to her Lourdes in Heaven.

It was about six months after that when Dr. Sedley, sitting in a corner of his club, overheard a returned traveler narrating his experience in Europe. The thing which seemed to have struck him most was a scene he had witnessed at Lourdes.

"Well," he concluded, "I'm not what you call a religious man, and I hope I'm not superstitious. Certainly I'm not given to credit stories of the supernatural. But what I saw on that occasion came as near being a miracle as anybody is ever likely to see. It gave my unbelief a shock, I assure you, and I haven't got over it yet. There's more in these things

than we imagine. I won't say I'm a convert but I've more sympathy than I had with those who believe in the supernatural."

The doctor leaned forward.

"Excuse me," he said, "you interest me very much. In the course of my practice I had a patient once who went to Lourdes hoping for a miraculous cure. But she came back worse than she went."

"Oh, of course, there are failures," said the first speaker, "no one denies that."

"But this wasn't a failure," Joan's friend answered. "It was a real miracle. That is what I meant to say when you interrupted me."

"Explain yourself," urged the other.

"I have said that she came back worse than she went," replied Dr. Sedley, "and I made sure it would affect her faith. But in place of that, she was all smiles. Instead of weakening her devotion to her Church, it seemed to have strengthened it. Isn't there something in the Bible about 'Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed'? That's what I mean. That girl's faith was wonderful. It led me to think there must be something in a religion which was not afraid to publish its disappointments. If she had returned, hale and hearty, a more enthusiastic Catholic than before, it would not have impressed me so much as did her continued belief and devotion in the face of that blasting of her hopes."

"Sheer obstinacy," retorted the returned traveler.

"No, I've considered that possibility," was the answer. "But it wasn't that. She was absolutely genuine. Her faith welled from her very heart." The speaker lowered his voice. "It was something supernatural, a miracle. I am a doctor, and if I saw what professed to be a supernatural cure I might be inclined to find some natural cause for it. But I tell you, that girl's triumph over Lourdes' inability to heal her admits of no such explanation. If ever you meet a party returning from the shrine again look at those whose prayers (as we say) have not been answered. You'll find them a more difficult problem for scepticism than the miracles they report in the case of others."

There was silence in the club-room, and Dr. Sedley resumed his reading of "The Medical Monthly."

## Thanksgiving

By BERTHA RADEMAKER LEAHY

A BROOKLET brawling  
Sang silver clear  
"Winter's gone  
And Spring is here."

A crocus blooming  
Gave sweet praise  
For the genial warmth  
Of sunlit days.

A robin singing  
Paused to say:  
"We thank Thee, God  
For each gold ray."

# Dangers of Psycho-analysis

ADDRESSED TO THE MAN IN THE STREET

By L. A. PARRY, M.D.

THE term "psycho-analysis" has been used so loosely and so variously that I desire to make it quite clear that I am employing it as limited to that system of psychology invented (I use the word advisedly) by Freud, and not as applying to any of the many other systems of psychology or psycho-therapeutics which are in existence. The theory of Freud put briefly is as follows—I quote freely from the Report on Psycho-analysis of the British Medical Association Committee, of which I was a member.

There is such a thing as the unconscious mind and it plays a very important part in life. The aim of psycho-analysis is to lay bare all the unconscious material of the mind—to allow the unconscious to emerge fully into the conscious. The employment of the psycho-analytic method is closely connected with a phenomenon to which Freud has given the term "resistance." By it is meant the instinctive opposition, the essential part of which is also quite unconscious, that certain parts of the mind offer to the emerging process.

The aim of a psycho-analysis may be described as the overcoming of the resistances that prevent the emergence into consciousness of the unconscious mind, for the striving of the latter is always toward becoming conscious, and it would presumably succeed in this endeavor were it not for the opposing forces of "resistance." Whether repression is identical with resistance or not, it is the opinion of Freud that it is hardly possible to overestimate the strength of the forces maintaining the unconsciousness of buried mental material, and the resistance offered to the bringing of this into consciousness. Every psycho-analysis therefore comprises an arduous fight against the opposition offered by the unconscious mind of the patient, often also by his conscious mind, and the successful issue depends essentially on the skill with which the opposition can be dealt.

Among the many devices employed for conducting the analysis mention may be made of the method

of "free association," that is, the unrestrained relating of all the thoughts crossing the mind of the patient at the time, and the interpretation of dreams, that is, the analysis of the associations leading from the elements of the dream. The interpretation of these dreams is always in terms of sex symbols and I deal with this later.

The contention of Freud is that, beyond the resistances and shut off from the conscious mind, there is a mental territory—the unconscious mind—which is extremely foreign to our conscious perceptions. The fundamental conclusions of Freud, and those to which he attaches the most importance, then, are the following:

1. The existence and importance of the unconscious mind.
2. The existence and strength of a mental agency—repression—the function of which is the keeping of unconscious mental processes from entering consciousness: this is identical with "resistance." This is another way of indicating that the mind is, according to Freud, divided into three parts, between which there exist a conflict and incompatibility of varying intensity.
3. The existence and importance of infantile sexuality. As it is this part of Freud's conclusions which has met with the greatest opposition, and which is the cause of the profound objection to, and distrust of the views he has put forward, it is well to be explicit in regard to it. Freud contends that the sexual instinct, in its ordinary sense, is present from the first year of life, passes in the first four years through a series of developmental phases, and that this development may be arrested or deflected at any one of the phases. These phases in the development of the sexual instinct are for the most part connected with the relationship of the child to his parent, and in the internal conflicts arising in connection with these phases many reactions occur, such as guilt, rivalry, or resentment. According to the psychoanalysts this matter is of supreme

importance, for the development of the child's character is profoundly influenced by the way in which he deals with these incestuous tendencies. Most of this conflict is at the time unconscious; the greater part of it, and often the whole, is entirely forgotten later. It is in these conflicts that Freud finds the ultimate source of neurotic disturbances. Hence his statement that the "Oedipus complex" (this is the term by which the psychoanalysts disguise the revolting statement that every neurosis is due to incestuous love of the girl for her father, or the boy for his mother) constitutes the kernel of all nervous disturbances.

TO PROVE—and proof is needed—that I am not overstating the immense importance that the Freudians attach to sexual matters, I quote a few extracts either from the writings of Freud himself or from those of his leading protagonist in this country.

"With boys the wish to beget a child from their mother is never absent, with girls the wish to have a child by their father is equally constant."

"The Oedipus complex is the actual nucleus of neuroses, and the infantile sexuality which culminates in this complex is the true determinant of neuroses."

"In the investigation of the neuroses Freud found that sexual factors played both an invariable and an essential part in the pathological conflict."

"For certain reasons Freud may come to the conclusion that the pleasure derived from a certain act, e.g., nail biting, is essentially sexual, a conclusion that is often startling. But he is not using the word in any esoteric sense; he really means that the pleasure is sexual in the ordinary sense of the word."

"What is peculiar to the neuroses in contrast to the other phenomena considered earlier (slips and dreams) is, apart from their external appearance and practical significance, that the essential factors concerned are invariably sexual in nature."

"In the light of this statement,



Freud's theory that the Oedipus complex constitutes the kernel of every neurosis should become less unintelligible if no less startling."

These quotations from the fountain-head clearly demonstrate that I have not exaggerated the overwhelming and paramount importance attached to sexual matters by the Freudians.

A small body of the followers of Freud in England have formed themselves into a Society, and they claim that no one who does not pass the tests imposed by them has the right to style himself "a Psychoanalyst." They state that they have granted permission to about a dozen men only, that these all practice in London, and that there is no psychoanalyst outside that town. On the other hand, there are numerous men imbued with the Freudian doctrine who practise all over England and America, and style themselves psychoanalysts. Probably the danger from these men is even greater than that from the more select few.

The process of a properly conducted analysis (and according to those who practice this method nothing less than one conducted on these lines is of any use) is tedious, trying, and expensive. Daily sessions of one hour each, lasting from one to four years, that is, allowing for holidays, 250 to 1000 sittings, are necessary before full exploration of the unconscious mind is reached. The fee for each session is about \$4.00, so that the cost of treatment is between \$4,000 and \$15,500. I do not mean to say that it cannot be carried out at less than these figures, but if it is, the treatment is an act of charity. The fees quoted are those charged by the leaders of the cult from their private patients. On the grounds of time and expense, then, the treatment is within the reach of a very few—fortunately for us—for even if it does any good (and I do not for one minute admit this) *the remedy is worse, far worse, than the diseases it professes to cure.* It is better that a child should suck its thumb or nod its head than that its mind should be filled with sexual thoughts and ideas; it is better that young boys and girls should suffer from some trifling nervous disturbance than that their minds should be constantly directed day by day for years to objectionable sexual matters, or that unpleasant suggestions and desires should be roused; better

that they should endure their trifling complaints than that they should be made to "think of things they have never dreamt of or dream of things they have never thought of." And after all, the average physician *can* cure these minor neuroses without the aid of psycho-analysis, in less than four years and at a less cost than three thousand guineas.

*The great danger of the system of psycho-analysis is that which it does to moral health.* The constant directing of the thoughts of a patient, especially a young child or adolescent, to sex matters is morally harmful. The practice of any system of psychology which considers the sex impulse as the strongest, if not the only, factor in the subconscious mind, and one overriding all others in its influence on mental health, and which sees in most, if not all, abnormal conduct and pathological mental states the expression of a perverted sexuality, is fraught with very grave danger, especially to the young. "To unravel the tangled growth of the sexual life of an ill, sensitive, and suggestible adolescent or child must cause the most prejudicial changes in the whole outlook and manner of life of the boy or girl. The vocabulary or psychoanalysis is obnoxious in its gross sexuality. The view of psychoanalysis that all mental and moral abnormalities are of sexual origin is a pernicious doctrine, and from the scientific standpoint the suggestion that there is a floating energy of libidinous origin is not supported by evidence founded on fact."

THE reply of the Freudians to this criticism is unsatisfactory. To begin with they say, "if one has to take this criticism seriously, it is founded on a combination of ignorance and prejudice." What an attitude of mind to adopt to this, the

most important and serious of all the objections to the psycho-analytical system, an objection which is held by the great majority of medical men and by the vast body of the public who have studied the question! "If it is to be taken seriously"—surely instead of being passed over in this light-hearted and contemptuous fashion, instead of merely accusing the objectors of ignorance and prejudice, we should have had some reasonable argument in reply. But no, if the objection is worth considering at all, ignorance and prejudice account for the considered opinions of the profession and the public. Has it ever struck these psycho-analysts that their opponents have at least as much right to make this assertion to them?

*The interpretation of dreams by the Freudians is one of the worst features of the system.* All dreams are said to be sexual and everything dreamt of is translated in terms of sex. There is not the slightest evidence or proof of this assertion, not one single fact which would make any normal person accept so ridiculous and fantastic a theory. Everything one knows is against the truth of the Freudian claim.

Unless the spread of this so-called system of psychology—which has no scientific basis, which exists only in the imagination of a few men with a perverted view of life, which does no good and which is full of potential harm—is checked, it will be a bad day for the profession and for the public. The sooner it is relegated to its proper position, the sooner the medical profession definitely refuses to allow it any place in scientific medicine, the better for us all. If the system is allowed to continue and spread, there is a grave and definite danger to our patients, and a grave and definite danger that considerable discredit will be brought on the medical profession.

## Red Tulips

By SOPHIE TUNNELL

FIRST crimson bloom of Spring? But no  
They were tall goblets raised in haste  
By loving hands once long ago  
To catch the very precious waste  
Of his dear blood for you and me  
That crimson, flowed from Calvary.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# THE SIGNPOST

## QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

### OUR LADY'S SERVING MAID

*Is it true that Our Blessed Lady had a serving-maid to assist her at the Nativity of Jesus?*

ELMIRA, N. Y.

E. M.

There is nothing in the Gospels about a serving-maid at the Nativity of Christ, or at any other time in the life of His Blessed Mother. But judging from the fact that St. Joseph, the husband of Mary, and the foster-father of Jesus, was a poor carpenter, who earned his bread and the support of the Holy Family by hard, manual labor, we would be led to conclude that Mary did not have the luxury of a serving-maid. In details of this kind it is well to distinguish clearly what we learn from the Gospels, from those things which have been added by the saints and holy persons as a result of private revelations. Thus, in the present instance, one saint meditating on one aspect of the Nativity, and considering Our Lady as a descendent of the great King David, would see her accompanied in a manner becoming the daughter of a king. Another saint meditating on the poverty to which the royal line had been reduced would consider her as unable to afford this convenience.

### FREEMASONRY A RELIGION

(1) *Is not the Masonic Order a sort of religion of itself?*  
(2) *Isn't that why people make the remark that Catholics don't like the Masons? That is, because a Mason can't be a Mason and a Catholic at the same time?*

BALTIMORE, MD.

M. T.

(1) On the statement of Masonic authorities it can be said that Masonry at bottom is not only a religion, but the only true religion. Mackey in his Encyclopedia of Masonry, 639, says: "I contend that Masonry is, in every sense of the word, except one, and that its least philosophical, an eminently religious institution—that it is indebted solely to the religious element which it contains for its origin and continued existence, and that without this religious element it would scarcely be worthy of cultivation by the wise and the good."

It may be alleged that Pike, another Masonic authority contradicts this statement by saying: "Masonry is not a religion." (Morals and Dogma.) But the contradiction is only verbal, not real. Pike means that Masonry is not a religion in the same sense that other systems are; such as, Catholicism, Protestantism, Mohammedanism, etc. Masonry, according to Pike, is not sectarian, but a religion which possesses the deposit of revelation, pure and entire. The lodge claims to leave everyone free to practise his own peculiar tenets. But it hopes and aims to lend every member to the knowledge of the true religion, which Masonry alone possesses.

(2) Because a man is a member of the Masonic Order is no reason for a Catholic to dislike him. We must ever distinguish the man from the Mason. There are Masons

who are deserving of the greatest respect. They are kind, courteous, loyal. They are better than the lodge to which they belong. But, of course, when a Catholic, with the fulness of religious truth in his possession, relinquishes it for the absurdities of Masonic claims, he is hardly to be regarded with the same respect as one who never had the light which shone upon him.

### BENEFIT OF CLERGY

*Are souls lost for want of priests, when Catholics are indifferent in contributing to the education of young men for the priesthood?*

UNION CITY, N. J.

A. R.

The dispensations of Divine Providence are often above our poor human understanding. But we know that He is all good and all merciful. We know that He has instituted in His Church a priesthood for the salvation of souls through the ordinary means of preaching and the administration of the Sacraments. We know also that He is not unmindful of human limitations, and that He has other ways of supplying the defects which result from these limitations. If Catholics who are able, and who feel that they should help in the education of more priests, are negligent, it is for God to judge the extent of their responsibility. But who will say that God will make others suffer, or condemn others to Hell on account of their negligence? The presence of a priest gives greater assurance of salvation through the grace dispensed through his ministrations. Besides it is the positive will of Christ that priests be ordained for this specific purpose.

### MOTIVE OF SORROW FOR SIN

*A says that one need not be sorry for having offended God, but that sorrow through fear of punishment, even though the penitent knows that he should be sorry for offending God, is sufficient for absolution. B says that sorrow for having offended God is necessary at all times in order to make a good confession.*

MINEOLA, N. Y.

J. P. R.

Forgiveness of sins requires that we be sorry for having offended God. Our sorrow for sin, however, may be promoted by different motives. One will recall from the catechism that there are two kinds of sorrow for sin,—one motivated by the love of God, which is called contrition, or perfect sorrow for sin; the other motivated by fear of the punishments due to sin, which is called imperfect sorrow, or attrition. The latter sorrow suffices for absolution in confession, provided the punishment we dread rises from a motive having relation to God, and is prompted by divine grace. This is evident from the words of the Act of Contrition—"I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell." If A therefore, means fear of supernatural punishment for sin, he is correct when there

is question of obtaining pardon for one's sins in confession. But B proposes a more perfect kind of sorrow, if he understands that it is prompted by the love of God. This motive is also contained in the Act of Contrition—"but most of all because I have offended Thee, My God, Who art so good and deserving of all my love."

#### UNBECOMING TO LITTLE FLOWER

*Is it true that for every favor The Little Flower grants she denies one? To me this statement seems absurd.*  
SMALL TOWN, PA. N. N.

It is. These peculiar ideas seem to arise from the fervid imaginations of those who have had recourse to saints, received favors, and then expected to live on in perpetual sunshine. Having experienced a few reverses incidental to human life, they hasten to fix the blame on the good saints who have heard their prayers and answered them.

#### FASTING FROM MIDNIGHT

*Why are we obliged to fast from midnight when we receive Holy Communion the next morning, but when we wish to receive at the midnight Mass on Christmas we are not asked to fast?*  
M. LeB.

The law of the natural fast, or the abstaining from all food and drink from midnight, before the reception of Holy Communion, is an ecclesiastical law instituted for the sake of showing greater reverence and devotion to our Eucharistic Lord. Respect for the real Body of Christ prompted the practice of abstaining from all other food and drink before partaking of It. It is not true to say that one does not fast when he receives Holy Communion at midnight Mass, for he really does fast from midnight, although for a shorter time than when he receives later in the morning.

#### THE MASS AND THE PASSION

*Will you please explain the meaning of the Mass in this manner: 1. The priest goes to the altar; Christ goes to Mount Olivet. 2. The priest commences Mass; Christ begins to pray, etc.*  
ELIZABETH, N. J.

B. C.

The Mass is the unbloody renewal and re-presentation of the bloody sacrifice which Christ offered once upon the cross. St. Paul says, "as often as ye do this ye show forth the death of the Lord until He come". In this sense spiritual writers regard the Mass as the Sacred Passion of Christ renewed. In order to assist the faithful in recalling the various scenes of Christ's Passion they accommodate the various episodes of the Passion to the several parts of the Mass. This method is, however, merely an accommodation and nothing more. There is no reference to it either in Scripture or Tradition. This manner of assisting at Mass will be found in many adult prayer books.

#### KISSING A BOY

*Is it a sin for a girl to allow a boy to kiss her?*  
BOSTON, MASS.

M. A.

Kissing in itself is not sinful, any more than shaking hands. It is a sign of friendship and affection. But everything which is lawful in itself may not always be performed without sin, or at least the danger of sin. "Circumstances alter cases" is a true philosophical example. As St. Paul says: "All things may be lawful, but all things do not edify." Therefore we say that promiscuous kissing indulged in between persons of different sexes is morally certain to constitute a grave danger to purity of morals, as experience abundantly proves.

#### WAY OF INTERIOR PEACE

*Will you kindly tell me where I can get the book entitled "The Way of Interior Peace," by Father De Lehen, S.J.?*  
SOMERVILLE, MASS. C. H.

It can be obtained through THE SIGN. Price, \$2.40.

#### HELPERS OF THE HOLY SOULS

*Could you please tell me where to address a letter looking for information regarding admission into the Order called Helpers of the Holy Souls?*  
ST. JOSEPH, MO. N. L.

Write to the Rev. Mother Superior, 4012 Washington Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

#### WHY CHURCH CELEBRATES IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

*Why do Catholics celebrate the Feast of the Immaculate Conception? Is it because of the immaculate conception of Our Lord, or the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin?*  
BOSTON, MASS. F. H.

The Church celebrates the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and not the conception of Christ. According to the Catholic Faith Mary was born of human parents according to the order of nature. But the remarkable thing about her conception is that at the precise moment when her soul was infused into her body it was free from the stain of original sin. This is a most singular privilege of God. In view of the merits of Christ, Who was in the divine plan to be born of her, God preserved Mary's soul from the penalty of Adam's guilt, in order that she might be a worthy mother of the Sinless One. Mary's preservation from original sin means that when her soul was infused into her body it was in the state of sanctifying grace, for between sin and grace there is no medium. Through this marvelous conception Mary gained a victory over the devil by whose temptation Adam fell from grace. Mary is the woman referred to in Genesis 3:15, who will crush the serpent's head. Is it any wonder that the Church celebrates such a unique privilege?

#### KISSING THE POPE'S BIG TOE

*Will you kindly explain in detail the custom of kissing the pope's big toe?*  
CAMDEN, N. J.

R. S. G.

The custom of kissing the pope's "big toe" does not exist, except in the minds of uncultured people. There is an ancient custom of kissing the pope's *slipper*. By metonymy this act is called "kissing the pope's foot." In papal solemn masses the deacon kisses the pope's foot before chanting the gospel. Cardinals venerate the new pope in this manner after his election. It is also the normal salutation for Catholics who are presented to the pope in private audience. A gold cross is embroidered on the slipper of the pope's right foot. It is the cross which is really kissed.

This custom is said to have originated when the Emperor Justin paid this mark of respect to Pope John I (523-566). Kissing the foot was not originally reserved to the pope. With the spread of Oriental customs throughout the Roman Empire it was given to the emperors, as well as to patriarchs and bishops. It is recorded that other sovereigns besides Justin gave this mark of respect to the pope. Emperor Justinian, Kings Luitprand, Pepin, and Charlemagne also venerated the supreme pontiff in this manner. It is well to remark that the popes also returned to these eminent persons the act of "adoration." Only late in the Middle Ages did the act of kissing the feet of kings and bishops fall gradually into disuse, and was confined to the Vicar of



Christ. Pope Innocent III (1198-1216) says that this custom is followed because of "the very great reverence due to the supreme pontiff as the Vicar of Him Whose feet were kissed by the woman who was a sinner." The gold cross was worked in the right slipper in order to signify that the honor was not shown merely to a man, but to a man who was the personal representative of Jesus Christ.

All European courts have their own form of etiquette. Americans do not find it obnoxious to present themselves according to the prevailing etiquette of the Court of St. James. In fact they are greedy for this opportunity, even though some of the men especially cut very sorry figures in breeches and silver buckles.

#### HOW THE REFORMATION HAPPENED

*Is Belloc's "How the Reformation Happened" approved as an authentic narrative of the Reformation period? Has it ever been reviewed in THE SIGN? What is the cost?*  
BOSTON, MASS. C. C. D.

Belloc's book of the above title is an authoritative account of the causes which led up to the so-called Reformation. Every one of Belloc's books can be recommended to Catholic readers. And to non-Catholic readers too. It has not yet been reviewed in THE SIGN. It is listed at \$3.00.

#### UNRELATED QUESTIONS

- (1) *What are the catacombs?*
  - (2) *Are Catholic nurses allowed to give narcotics to the dying?*
  - (3) *Did Georges Clemenceau believe in a merciful God?*
  - (4) *Who are the four women pictured in "The Return from Calvary"?*
  - (5) *Should not the soil where the three Passionist missionaries were slain in China have the same healing power as the soil of Fr. Power's grave?*
  - (6) *Why is the date of Easter different each year?*
  - (7) *How far did Jesus carry His cross?*
- MARBLEHEAD, MASS. M. S.

(1) They are underground passages and galleries, some of them thirty or forty feet below the surface, in which the first Christians in Rome, and other cities of Italy, buried their dead and held divine service during the time of persecution.

(2) Catholic teaching permits the use of opiates in order to assuage pain, but not in such quantities as would deprive the sufferer of the use of reason, or would cause him to die in a state of unconsciousness. The time before death is the most precious in a man's life, and it is contrary to true Christian standards to send a man before the judgment seat of God without affording him the opportunity of preparing his soul for that dread tribunal. The unlimited use of opiates is equivalent to shortening human life.

(3) We have no information on this matter save what appeared in the newspapers. In some of the Catholic papers Clemenceau is said to have cried out "My God! My God!" just before he died. We may entertain the hope that in his last moments divine grace may have caused him to turn to God for mercy.

(4) Mary, the Mother of Jesus; Mary Magdalen; Mary Cleophas, the mother of Alpheus; and Salome, the Mother of Sts. James and John.

(5) Such things depend on the good pleasure of God.

(6) Easter is celebrated on the Sunday following the 14th day after the vernal equinox, or the first day of Spring (March 21st). The mutation of the date of Easter is due to the difference in the phases of the moon. Easter does not occur earlier than March 22nd, nor later than April 25th.

(7) Some authorities say that He carried it from one-half to three-quarters of a mile.

#### FASTING FROM MIDNIGHT: DEDICATION TO B. V. M.: MAJELLA

(1) *I have been told that in Washington a person who intends to receive Holy Communion may eat up until one o'clock in the morning. I claim that this can be allowed only when daylight saving is in force. What is the solution?*

(2) *Does a child, who has been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, have to be dressed in blue and white for seven years? If so, will you please give me the reason?*

(3) *Is the saint's name Majella derived from Mary or from Magdalin?*  
JERSEY CITY, N. J. R. K.

(1) The common law of the Church prescribes that a communicant must be fasting from midnight. In computing midnight the Code of Canon Law leaves each one free to follow sun time, standard time, sidereal time, or some other extraordinary norm, such as daylight saving time. When the latter method of computing time is followed a person will, of course, enjoy "an hour of grace."

(2) Blue and white are the colors usually adopted by those who have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. But as far as we know there is no obligation to observe this color scheme beyond the time one pleases.

(3) Majella is the family name of St. Gerard, the Redemptorist lay brother. It is not derived from either Mary or Magdalin.

#### BEADS OF SEVEN DOLORS: CATHOLIC BURIAL

(1) *I would like to know the proper method of reciting the beads of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and what indulgences are attached to their recitation.*

(2) *If a baptized Catholic never lived up to his faith, did a relative do wrong by having him buried from the church with a High Mass?*  
LYNN, MASS. A. M.

(1) Begin with an act of contrition. An Our Father is said on the medal and a Hail Mary is said on each of the small beads, the while one of the dolors of the Blessed Virgin is meditated on. The seven groups represent the seven principal sorrows of the life of the Mother of God. They are: The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple, when Mary was told by Simeon that a sword of grief would pierce her soul; The Flight into Egypt; The Three Days' Loss of Jesus; The Meeting with Jesus on His way to Calvary; Mary at the Foot of the Cross; Mary with the dead body of Jesus in her arms; The Burial of Jesus. Three Hail Marys are said on the three extra beads commemorating the tears that Mary shed in her sorrows.

There are many indulgences attached to the recitation of the Seven Dolor beads, provided they have been blessed by a Servite Father, or another priest having the requisite faculties. You will find them given in the *Raccolta*, page 230.

The following are the indulgences attached to the recitation of these beads, provided they have been blessed by a Servite Father, or by a priest with the requisite faculties:

1. Seven years and seven quarantines, as often as the whole chaplet is recited.

2. One hundred days for each Pater and Ave, if the whole chaplet is recited.

3. Two hundred days for each Pater and Ave to everyone who, having confessed, or at least made a firm resolution to confess, says this chaplet in a Servite Church, or says it anywhere on Fridays, or during Lent, or on the Feast or during the octave of the Seven Dolors.

4. Two hundred years to those who say it after examination of conscience and confession, and pray according to the intentions of the pope.

5. Plenary to all who say it four times a week, or on any one day in the year after confession and communion.

6. Plenary once a month on the usual conditions.

7. To those who habitually carry the chaplet with them, and say it often, ten years every time that after confession and communion they hear mass, are present at a sermon, accompany the Blessed Sacrament to the sick, make peace between enemies, bring a sinner to repentance, recite devoutly Pater and Ave seven times, or do any spiritual or temporal work of mercy in honor of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, or their patron saint.

In addition, those who have a rosary blessed by a Servite Father can gain:

8. One hundred years every time they say this chaplet after confession, or after having made a firm resolution to confess.

9. Those who habitually carry such a rosary about with them can gain one hundred and fifty years every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and feast of obligation, for reciting it after confession.

(2) If the Catholic burial has actually taken place we presume that the pastor decided that the individual should be given this last benefit of the Church. So the relative who asked for this favor did nothing wrong, but only what true charity dictated.

#### QUALIFICATIONS OF GOD-PARENT

*Can a Catholic who has been married outside the Church by a Justice of the Peace, and who has never had the marriage rectified, be sponsor for a child at baptism?*  
NEWARK, N. J. K. S.

It is most unlikely that such a poor Catholic will fulfil the office of a god-parent.

#### PRIVATE REPLIES

To N. N., New Haven, Conn.—Destroy every chain prayer that comes in your hand. You will merit a blessing from God, for by so doing you help to prevent the spread of superstition.

To M. M. C.—It looks as though nothing can be done until the death of one of the parties. Under the circumstances the Sacraments cannot be received. It depends upon the bishop to decide whether or not they may be given Christian burial. However, it were best to consult your pastor, or a priest who can study the case more closely than we can.

#### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

F. A. S., WOBURN, MASS.; H. A. D., PRINCETON, N. J.; E. A. M., BROCKTON, MASS.; E. L. D., NEWBURGH, N. Y.; J. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.; K. F., NEWARK, N. J.; E. K., CHICAGO, ILL.; E. T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; A. F. G., DORCHESTER, MASS.; N. O'B., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. C. B., SCARSDALE, N. Y.

#### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

U. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.; E. R. M., PROVIDENCE, R. I.; M. E. R., WATERTOWN, MASS.; F. M. R., NEWARK, N. J.; J. F. C., ALBANY, N. Y.; M. J. McD., LOUISVILLE, KY.; A. D., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; A. L., CINCINNATI, O.; E. R. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.; A. M. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. B., BOSTON, MASS.; M. F. D., DORCHESTER, MASS.; G. K., PITTSBURGH, PA.; E. M. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; E. M. W., BEVERLY, MASS.; F. A. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. B. C., CHICAGO, ILL.; H. F., CINCINNATI, O.; F. F., FREELAND, PA.; J. W. H., WHEELING, W. VA.; E. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; M. L., SWISSVALE, PA.; M. O'T., EAST NEWARK, N. J.; M. E. S., BOSTON, MASS.; E. D., IRVINGTON, N. J.; M. McC., NEW YORK, N. Y.; A. V. W. —; E. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; A. K. M., BOSTON, MASS.; T. H., ELIZABETH, N. J.; B. J. F., CINCINNATI, O.; M. L. M., SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.; R. M. B., FOX CHASE, PA.; A. M., RIDGEWOOD,

N. J.; R. P., WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.; S. B., SHARON, PA.; K. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. C. L., ASTORIA, N. Y.; G. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. J. R., WHEELING, W. VA.; U. B. K., NEW WASHINGTON, —; M. J. F., BOSTON, MASS.; M. A. D., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

## Communications

#### THOUGHTS ON EMPLOYMENT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Having worked but three days since October, 1929, I wish to call the attention of *THE SIGN* readers to the dreadful state of affairs in unemployment.

Isn't Hoover a "noble experiment"? At the finish of his first year the country has one of its worst unemployment crises in history. Is it any wonder uprisings are taking place? And it isn't the Communists or "Reds," but workers weary of loafing. Yet one reads of corporations reporting largely increased earnings over previous years. This condition grows steadily worse. 10% of the people control almost 90% of the wealth. I believe the figures put out by the U. S. Treasury show 208 more persons had an income of one million in the last fiscal year than ever before. And yet every Church I ever heard of either ignores this problem, or advises the people "to be patient"!

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

F. J. L.

#### NORMAN THOMAS ON OUR ONE-DAY RELIGION

(Mr. Norman Thomas, leader of the Socialist party in New York City, and an ordained Presbyterian minister, chides both Jews and Christians for donning religious cloaks on Saturdays and Sundays, as the case may be, and dropping them during the week. A report of the sermon in which this criticism occurs appears in the *Literary Digest* of March 8th. The account elicited the following reply from one of our readers.—Ed.)

To the Rev. Norman Thomas:

Dear Sir:

I kind of like the smile of your photograph, but Norman does not fit it. So I am going to call you Jimmie. Now come with me, put on your spiritual cap and coat, wrap yourself up warm as it is very cold. It is now 2 above zero and the glass is going down. It's 5.44 A. M. We have a long hill to descend. The snow is about 8 inches deep, but, if you have the courage we can do it. It will take a lot of faith. Are you ready? Let us go! Whew! Feel that blast of wind? How it cuts you. We will get that all the way down. Try and keep out of the drifts. So we struggle on till we reach the bottom of the hill. But, oh, it's cold and the bitter wind bites and bites you and it's dark. We are most there. I am most frozen. I guess Jimmie is too.

At last we reach our goal. We go inside. There are not many there, but I know the place is full. I can see them

with my spiritual eye. There are not many of us earthly ones. About fifty. It's pretty cold Jimmie. We'll wait until the Great Act is finished. The most Sublime Act on earth—the Mass.

We give our thanks in having been permitted to attend this Divine Act. Another one will commence in half an hour which two or three hundred will attend. Remember, Jimmie, it is bitter cold, in the middle of winter. I don't have to do this, no compulsion. No order do I belong to. Simply a plain man who knows that there is One Who loves him and I wish to return some of that love. A small return for all He has done for me.

I was born in the year 1853, so I am no chicken. And I have been going out every morning for years about 6 A. M., rain or shine. I don't have to, I could stay in bed all day if I wanted to. There are 365 days in the year. In a circle of ten miles there are twenty churches. Multiply twenty by 365 and you get an average of about how many attend church every day.

Any way Jimmie I get home, the glass has dropped. It is now three below. I make some coffee, and (they call it) quick oats. If I was not fed on that stuff fifty years ago I could not climb that hill this morning. I finish my breakfast. Jimmie, take a chair and sit beside me. See that pipe. It's about 4 inches long, made of clay. T.D.'s they used to call them. Oh boy! puff, puff, puff. They used to say once, when you felt contented, you would not call the queen your aunt. Now I would not call the President my uncle. They tell me my grandfather was a Presbyterian Minister. How a Socialist leader and a Minister combine I don't know. Perhaps with Socialistic tendencies would be better.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

One who goes to church every day. There are thousands and thousands of us.

#### COMMENT ON J. M. H.'s LETTER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May God bless J. M. H. for her letter in your April issue of THE SIGN. Her sentiments are those of hundreds of fervent Catholics. The book that J. M. H. referred to—"True Devotion to The Passion," from the writings of Blessed Batista Varani, translated by Enid Dinnis, is a marvelous book, a treasure. I had fourteen copies of it before I was able to keep one for myself, because I told friends about its contents, and I tried everywhere in town and out of town to get more, and was advised it was out of print, but that a leather bound copy was coming out which would cost about \$3.75. I could not afford to give copies away at that price. Many of our books are exorbitant in price, and the writer knows it, for she was bookkeeper in a publishing house. This is particularly true of foreign publications because of labor and material costing so much less.

J. M. H. is right about Catholics listening in on the radio to certain would-be Christians who can earn a living in no other way but by lying about our Holy Church. I spoke to several and told them it was the same sin as reading books that were on the Index, because the matter was simply a re-hash of the lies that have been going on against the Church for centuries. To my way of thinking, such Catholics are not worthy of the name, for they neither love and respect their Church, nor the brains that God gave them, when they allow them to be besmirched by such vile rot.

The great Cardinal Newman in his book "The Present Position of Catholics in England," (a series of conferences given to the Fathers of the Oratory), tells us of a book written by a Blanco White, who left the Church and wrote a book which contained facts. It went out of print for

lack of sale, but when the filthy book "Edith O'Gorman," was published, they could not print the editions quickly enough.

I called at a friend's home recently. Her splendid Catholic doctor saw some religious books on a stand. He thought she was reading them and forbade her doing so, and advised her to get a good detective story and read it. As a matter of fact the books had been dusted most carefully but never read. I have this from her own lips. It is no hearsay. I would certainly have to ask the dear Lord to give me a different head and heart before my nerves could be improved by reading a detective story. The books that she had were ones that would soothe and calm her, nothing in one of them to excite. As a matter of fact, she is still in the same condition. Such direction from a physician is along the lines that a person must not have the priest when they are dying because it would excite them.

I tried to get a person who was looked upon as a devout Catholic to purchase the paper-bound book entitled "The King of Love," and another, "The Holy Hour," both costing forty-five cents and twenty cents respectively. She replied, "some other time." Yet this same lady had the last word in all that fashion spoke both in clothing and jewels. Both of these books are most wonderful. They are written by that great living Apostle of The Sacred Heart, who was commanded by our dear Holy Father of holy memory, Pius X, to preach throughout the whole World "The Enthronement of The Sacred Heart in the home, school, and Catholic institutions of every kind." He is the Reverend Matheo Crawley-Boevey of the Congregation of The Sacred Hearts.

Should any Catholic who reads the above desire these books they can write to Sister Christine, Academy of The Sacred Hearts, Fairhaven, Massachusetts. These nuns also have "The Holy Hour" in the home.

I hope J. M. H. will let us read another worthwhile letter and will not be discouraged by any criticism from those still on the lowest doorstep of their Father's House, and who have not the courage nor the love to take one step further up, despite the fact that this dear Father gave up His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, our beloved Master, to be crucified for us. May this same blessed Father deliver us from these days.

NEW YORK CITY.

M. T. B.

#### CONCERNING RETREATS AND THE LAY APOSTOLATE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the April issue of your magazine, which I have just perused, I read an article entitled "Retreats and the Lay Apostolate." Its author seems to be laboring under a pessimistic complex in arraying a word painting of the conditions of our times. As I scurried through the maze of phraseology and labored sentences, the impression of regret lurked in my memory, why such a flood of verbiage should be allowed to be poured into the pages of THE SIGN, which has attained a standard of literary excellence equalled by few. Hence I am voicing my sentiment of protest. The only mental apology I could conjure up was to compare the writer to a sociological "Rip Van Winkle" who has been asleep, or at least half asleep, all his life—and suddenly awakes, assumes the role of Dictator, and gives a panacea for all life's ills. Are laymen ever qualified to propose to their fellows what to do to save the world? Has not the Church alone that divinely entrusted mission?

Time does not permit me to criticize the writer's article piecemeal. Pungent paragraphs could be written illustrating and pointing out his jejune and schoolroom efforts. But one salient blunder, of which he is guilty, I do ask to have corrected in sheer justice to the cause, which, Rev.



Editor, you have tried in various issues to advocate, viz., the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild. It is this: While urging Catholic lay-action the writer utterly ignores the splendid work already accomplished by the Boston Catholic Truth Guild under the able management of David Goldstein, a convert to our Faith. To quote from activities in England, when a word of recognition of home workers would be encouragement to those who are already masters in the field, argues lack of information on the part of the writer, as well as tact in handling the subject in question. As a lecturer, a writer, a public speaker, and a Catholic worker, Mr. Goldstein is well worth emulation, and I feel that the writer could improve by contact with this gentleman.

I hope the sociological and literary "Rip Van Winkle" will arouse from his slumbers, and before he ventures into this field again he will please become acquainted with the subject, and not nauseate by ideas and suggestions which smack of the schoolroom.

I know Rev. Editor you won't print this communication, but if you get the contents to the writer of said article, you will have done a good work to further the cause of the Catholic Evidence Guild.

HYDE PARK, MASS.

A Reader of THE SIGN.

#### DANGERS OF THE MOVIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your editorial on The Movies and Children, in the March issue of THE SIGN is most timely. Recently I witnessed a picture. The plot was simple. Pauline Frederick spent her beauty and art in telling the audience how much she regretted not having deserted her husband years ago. Kind mother, she calmly poisons her invalid son later in the picture! Tears, good acting, and much sentiment, added a "convincing" factor. The reputed "author" is one Somerset Maugham.

So your criticisms are too tame. You speak of implicit dangers, of psychological troubles. The dangers are too often explicit.

MEDFORD, MASS.

MATTHEW STIMSON.

#### ADDRESS OF GREY NUNS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Some time ago a subscriber asked if the Grey Nuns were located in this country. For your information and that of your readers there is an American branch of the Grey Nuns in Philadelphia. The address is Motherhouse of the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart, Melrose and West Avenue, Oak Lane, Pa.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

M. N.

#### RABBONI

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the November number of THE SIGN, I noticed a query on page 231 about a priest-poet, who was supposed to have written a poem on Death or Eternity, etc.

Perhaps the following information and the enclosed poem will satisfy the inquirer.

Father Joseph Shea was born in Quebec in the year 1831 and entered the Society of Jesus in the year 1850. Where he was stationed from 1850 to 1873 I cannot find out, but as this item does not particularly concern us we shall pass it by. From 1873 to 1879 or 1880, Father Shea taught philosophy in St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City. Very many of the older priests of the Archdiocese of New York were taught by Father Shea. Nearly all of them have since passed away.

Father Shea had a most charming personality and he was always a favorite confessor of a large number of the students, among whom was your humble servant.

During the latter part of 1879 or sometime in the year 1880, poor Father Shea was suddenly stricken with some very serious intestinal disorder, and although he was operated upon he never rallied after the operation. Some days after his death the lines of the enclosed poem were found on his desk and published on small slips of paper to be distributed among his friends.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

CHAS. F. BRIDGES, S.J.

Lines found on Father Shea's desk, after his death in 1879 or 1880.

"When I am dying,  
How glad I shall be!  
That the lamp of my life  
Has been burned out for Thee,  
That sorrow has darkened  
The path that I trod,  
That thorns and not roses  
Were strewn o'er the sod,  
That anguish of spirit  
So often was mine,  
Since anguish of spirit  
Full often was Thine.  
My cherished Rabboni  
How glad I shall be,  
To die with the hope  
Of a welcome from Thee!"

#### NOTE ON REPLY TO E. G. K.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just read the "Personal Replies" in the March issue of THE SIGN. I wonder if E. G. K. would like to know about this book, "Innocence and Ignorance," recommended by A. O'Mally, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., *The Ave Maria*, *America*, and *The Catholic World*. It is for fathers, mothers, teachers, and confessors. Price, \$2.00 net and postpaid. The Devin-Adair Company, Publishers, 23-25 Madison Square, North, New York, N. Y.

WHITMAN, MASS.

#### CRITICIZING CATEGORICA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the February issue of THE SIGN you publish under "Categorica" an article holding Alfred E. Smith, late candidate for the Presidency, up to public ridicule by one H. I. Phillips.

Alfred E. Smith, the outstanding Catholic of the United States, eligible to the Presidency because of his ability, experience in public office, and nobility of character—defeated by bigotry and the power of money in the hands of a party that is determined to keep itself in power, is now the butt of your humor.

I am disgusted with such a lack of propriety and respect, where respect certainly is deserved. I cannot understand a Catholic magazine lowering itself by reflecting even jocularly upon the ability of so high-minded and honorable a citizen and a Catholic.

CHICAGO, ILL.

K. M. O.

#### LIVING SISTERS OF LITTLE FLOWER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I noticed in your reply to one of the questions in the March issue of THE SIGN that you said that the Little Flower has one or two living sisters.

There is a book entitled "The Living Sisters of the Little Flower." It was published only a few years ago by a priest who visited St. Therese's sisters—Pauline, Marie, and Celine, who are at Lisieux, and Leonie, who is at the Visitation Convent. This priest talked with all four of the Little Flower's sisters.

ROXBURY, MASS.

S. B.

# A Catholic Utopia

"VISION TENDS TOWARDS SELF-FULFILLMENT"

By STANLEY B. JAMES

THE course of history presents us with some fascinating "ifs." It might be interesting to speculate, for instance, as to what would have happened if Columbus had been taken ill on his fateful voyage and forced to return, leaving his discovery to some later explorer. But it is in the sphere of Church History that this form of speculation most excites our curiosity. The issues at stake are so tremendous and the circumstances by which they are decided are often so slight. For example, about the middle of the thirteenth century that enterprising traveler, Marco Polo, visited Kubla Khan. This great prince ruled over a vast territory including Mongolia, Northern China and Tibet. Later, he was to conquer South China. Learning from his visitors something concerning their religion, he sent a request by them to the Pope for missionaries to instruct his people in the principles of Christianity. Eventually two Friar Preachers set out for the Khan's Court but, being attacked, turned back. It is almost impossible to calculate the difference it might have made to the subsequent course of events in the East if they had continued their journey. By now the whole of the Orient might be Christian.

The speculative mood which such things create finds it interesting to ask what would have been the consequences to the English-speaking world if Henry VIII had not seen "the Gospel light in Boleyn's eyes," in other words, what sort of world we should have been living in if the lustful Tudor King had not been led by his infatuation for that lady to break with Rome. And this broadens into a larger question: what would be the character of our Twentieth Century civilization if the Reformation had not taken place? There was a moment when Luther hesitated and might have drawn back from the dangerous course to which his headstrong nature impelled him; supposing at that moment his blood had cooled sufficiently to allow him to consider the situation calmly? How, in that case, should we find ourselves today?

The average Protestant finds no difficulty in answering that question. He sees, as the outcome of such a "catastrophe," a world still held in the bondage of medieval thought, still governed according to the political and social ideas of the fifteenth century. The Reformation, for such a one, was the unleashing of the spirit of progress. If the great apostasy had not taken place, a heavy weight of ecclesiastical tyranny, according to this view, would be holding our minds in check. The developments which science has experienced would be unknown, democratic freedom would be a hopeless aspiration. A merciless Inquisition would make religious toleration unthinkable. A swarm of lazy monks and friars would impose their "superstitions" upon the multitude while battenning upon the resources of their credulous dupes. The Bible would be a prohibited book. Among the masses ignorance, dirt and servility would prevail. Something like this is the picture which rises before the imagination of even fairly well educated persons when the future dominance of Catholicism is suggested. It is common to speak of a return to the Old Religion as "putting back the hands of the clock." But there is one all-important fact which these wild imaginings overlook.

It is assumed that the Reformers were alone in perceiving and trying to remedy the state into which Christendom had fallen. Of course, it is recognized that, having been, as it is supposed, thoroughly frightened by the success of the Protestant revolt, the Church belatedly tried to set her house in order. The Council of Trent was called. Reforming Popes were elected. The monastic Orders purged themselves of unworthy members. Hence the comparative respectability of the Catholic Church is due, according to this theory, to the provocation afforded by the Reformation. Without this movement, things would have gone on as they were to this present time. Such is the assumption. It is founded on an

altogether false reading of history.

"The Counter-Reformation," as it is called, originated in a movement within the Church independently of any challenge from outside. Just as in the early thirteenth century when things were in a bad way, St. Dominic and St. Francis came to the rescue, so, in the sixteenth century, the forces of spiritual, moral and intellectual renewal, working in full obedience to papal authority, were already operating when Luther and his associates plunged Christendom into the chaos of theological controversy.

It is significant in this connection that one of the greatest figures—St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus—in what may be termed the Catholic Reformation, came from a country almost untouched by Protestantism. Neither of him nor of his great country-woman, St. Theresa, could it be said that they were inspired by the desire to combat the German revolt. As a matter of fact, it was St. Ignatius' first idea, after the spiritual crisis through which he passed, to proceed to the Holy Land to labor as a missionary in the East. It was only later that the Jesuits were flung into the fight against heresy in Europe. Similarly, the Capuchin Reform in Italy was directed against the laxity which had overtaken the mendicant friars. It came about through the anxiety of a certain Franciscan, Fra Matteo de Bascio, to discover and realize his own personal vocation. Like all these Catholic movements (and unlike the Protestant upheaval) it had its origin in the self-reform of an individual. There is not the slightest historical basis for the suggestion that it was a counter-blast to Luther's fulminations. Much the same might be said of the other numerous manifestations of renewed spiritual vitality. The Council of Trent is itself evidence that the Church was by no means in the decrepit condition alleged. The marvelous unity, intellectual energy and constructive ability of that assembly could not have been shown by a body galvanized into a show of life by opposition. The success

of the Council showed that there was a solid body of reforming enthusiasm which, even if there had been no Lutheran apostasy, would have found an outlet and done its work.

**T**URNING to educational and social questions we find a similar reawakening within the Church. Some of the great humanists, such as the Blessed Thomas More, the author of *Utopia*, were Catholic to the core. The book by which he is best known anticipates, in its picture of an ideal state, reforms even now unattained. It is the work of a far-seeing social reformer. The educational efforts of More's friend, the Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, were in sympathy with the New Learning. Both these men died for the Faith. In their labors you have the beginning of a humanistic movement which, if it had been allowed to develop naturally without interruption, would have brought the Church into line with European culture at its best. It is the great tragedy of the Reformation that it diverted these re-creative energies. Instead of accomplishing what it set out to do and liberating the minds of men, it actually compelled the Church to concentrate its attention on the defence of its dogmas. In the long controversial warfare that followed, culture and social reform were side-tracked. This has been put so well by Dr. George O'Brien in his "Economic Effects of the Reformation" that I give the quotation in full:

"The greatest damage caused by the Reformation was the disruption of the unity of Christendom. The evolution of a great society penetrated by Christian faith and embodying in its institutions the precepts of Christian morality ceased to be any longer possible, when the dogmatic unity of Christendom was assailed and its central authority rejected. . . . After the Reformation a great part of the energy which the Catholic Church had devoted in the Middle Ages to the development of philosophy and art, and to the propagation of the Faith among pagans, had to be directed to protecting itself against the new enemies of its gate. It was precisely in the condition of a country suddenly convulsed by civil war; the efforts required to re-establish order and security within the realm, and to put down the disturbers of the peace, diverted the attention of the rulers from the pursuit of peaceful social reform, and weakened the power of

the community against its external enemies . . .

"Henceforth the Catholic Church was coerced by the necessities of the case to adopt a defensive attitude towards innovations of thought; in its fear of being accused of countenancing heretical opinions, it was frequently driven to display a caution which was liable to be confounded with obscurantism; and the fine energy it had employed in the Middle Ages in the development of intellectual and social progress was diverted to the more exact definition of its doctrines and to the enforcement of the discipline of its members. The Reformation was directly responsible for whatever there is of narrowness or reactionism in modern Catholicism.

"The Reformation, therefore, colored not only those who accepted it, but also those who rejected it. If it had not been for the deadly blow directed at its authority in the Sixteenth Century, the Catholic Church would have been able to change the whole color of modern European civilization. If the ethical teaching of the Scholastics had been allowed to develop freely and peacefully, there can be no doubt that it would have evolved side by side with the new developments of modern life, and would have proved perfectly adequate to meet all the necessities of the complex civilization of the present time; and, if the great charitable institutions of the Middle Ages had been suffered to pursue their course, it is equally certain that a great part of the social problems of the industrial era would have been either mollified or avoided.

"Above all, the modern world, instead of being a battleground, studied with the hostile camps of Capitalism and Socialism and every other economic theory, would have been a harmonious society, in which all the members would be bound by identical ties of right and duty, and in which the conflicting claims of the individual and the community would be regulated by well understood principles of justice, universally recognized and universally enforced. In other words, we should be living in an organic, and not in a critical period."

What a vista of possibilities this opens up! Here is that Catholic Utopia of which some of us have dreamed. But this dream, unlike those of other idealists, is not based on abstract social principles, it is not the airy fancy of an H. G. Wells

building his Republic in the future without any foundations in the past. The picture which Dr. George O'Brien draws for us is based on historical facts. It suggests that, but for the wreckers of the Sixteenth Century, we might have seen with our own eyes. Catholicism is not bound up with medieval ways of life. It was already freeing itself from Medievalism when the storm burst. If we follow the course of the tendency indicated by the Blessed Thomas More and others of his kind we cannot but arrive at the state described in the quotation I have given.

But though the realization of that prospect has been postponed, it may yet take place. The Church grappling with the chaos left by the break-up of the Roman Empire had a task as difficult as that presented by the ancient world and created its own modern world. As it subdued that civilization—the civilization which gave us our cathedrals, Dante and the ordered society of the Middle Ages—so it may yet Catholicize our harsh industrialism, discipline our thought and establish on far deeper foundations than any League of Nations permanent international peace. It is not beyond its power to fling back the menace of Bolshevism and create sympathetic understanding and co-operation between the different classes of society. There is one thing it would certainly do were it given the opportunity. It would break up the dull, standardized conventions of our Twentieth Century world. Life would become, under its influence, what it was in the despised Middle Ages, richer, more varied, more vivid. In place of hectic pleasures simulating joy we should experience the abiding content and simple happiness of those whose lives are rooted in faith and whose activities are governed by a divine law. To the bleak dreariness of secularism would succeed the human warmth of a society inspired by charity. In the sunshine of such an age as we picture, the iceberg of Puritanism would melt.

**T**HESE are not idle speculations. To feed one's imagination on such dreams is to help create the reality. Vision tends ever toward self-fulfillment. The prayer, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven" will be all the more effective as we add to our faith the imagination which sees that for which it prays.



# Where Lived the Sainted Vianney

AN AMERICAN STUDENT GOES TO ARS

By CHARLES CARTER

**M**Y PILGRIMAGE, I called it, and it truly was a pilgrimage, for though I bore no scrip, nor leaned on any staff, I was drawn by a real love of the Saint, and a desire to pay my homage at his shrine and see the place made holy by his presence. "A pilgrimage," says Cardinal Capececiatello, in his life of St. Philip Neri, "is a trip made to a holy place through motives of piety."

Of course I went on foot. Not because transportation was inconvenient, but because I wanted to arrive at Ars in the right mood, by approaching it gradually, through God's own introduction.

The early August morning was fresh and bracing as I set out from Villefranche-sur-Saone, with the young sun shining in my face. The mists were lifting from the lowlands along the languid Saone, and the dew on the grass along the road glistened in the sun. As I crossed the river on the great iron bridge, behind me on the horizon were the gray-blue hills of Beaujolais, and before me the slow-rising slope that leads to the plateau of La Dombes, at whose hither rim nestles Ars.

There in the thick trees at the right, near the river, peered the pointed steeple of the church of Jassans, with hints of the roofs of the surrounding houses. I recalled that the Curé of Ars had once helped in a great mission there, which stirred the whole countryside, and at the next cross-ways, while I rested on the parapet of a small bridge, I saw on the other side of the road a stone cross, erected in memory of that mission. The dark of the stone was relieved by the yellowish tint of the moss that was drying on its rough surface. It seemed to bring the Curé closer to me.

If the much-sung English lanes are more lovely than that hedge-shaded, sunken road leading to the upland, they must be fair to see. Like a boy coming to manhood, though, the road's beauty largely coarsened when it levelled out on the flat plateau. As far as the eye could see now, stretched the even plain. Its melancholy beauty—the melancholy

beauty of a Corot—was lightened here and there by rows of tall, wraith-like poplars, resembling candles arrayed for Benediction. The bustling world of machine and power seemed far away, and not even the droning of an airplane, or a roaring tractor could dispel that atmosphere almost Carthusian, which hung over all. The tractor was more than cancelled by the yoke of plowing oxen, and the airplane by the shepherdess with her knitting. Along the dusty edge of the road grew brave, homely little flowers, and now and then I stooped to pick them, for I remembered that the Curé had loved their quiet beauty.

As I walked along in the sun, my heart warmed as well as my brow, and this warmth increased till I stood at the base of St. Philomena's statue, and allowed my eye to follow her pointing arm, down to where in the cluster of trees and houses the cupola of the basilica appeared.

I was at Ars, my point of pilgrimage! The place I had often pictured in my dreams, and a hundred times planned entering. Nor was I disappointed. The palmer in these our days must be prepared to have his dreams shattered, his fond imaginings choked by the encroachments of modernity on the storied shrine. But not he who goes to Ars. I doubt if Ars has changed one whit since that hot August day when the Curé slept in the Lord. Except, of course, the basilica; but that is such a natural conclusion, flowing as it does so easily from the stream of the Curé's life and mission, that it does not disturb the religious harmony of the place.

Here, I thought, is the little church the Curé wrought such wonders in that Pius X termed it a reliquary; here is the presbytery he spent so many wondrous hours in; here are the little shops he hurried by because they sold his pictures (he called them caricatures); and there is the Providence he loved and fostered.

If the village everywhere speaks to us of its holy Curé, its glory and

its crown, the tiny church of Ars fairly shouts to us his wonderful story. When the Saint came as curé, it was falling to decay after years of Revolution and Republicanism, and he straightway restored and decorated it, with all the love St. Francis had showed so long before, down there in the Umbrian plain. Not satisfied with mere restoration, St. Vianney added five chapels, dedicated to the Holy Angels, to his dear little St. Philomena, to his patron, St. John the Baptist, and to Our Lady, whose statue there is miraculous, and to the Holy Face, where so many conversions were sealed with tears. His heart of love and devotion flowed over into these chapels, and thus he drew his people to deeper love of God and His Saints. And today we see it as he left it: the pulpit where he was seen raised in mid-air while he preached; his confessionals, scenes of so many miracles of grace; and the black slab beneath which his poor body rested when he had finished with it.

The little church now serves as a vestibule to the basilica, erected in accordance with St. Vianney's own wish, in honor of St. Philomena. This edifice is quadrangular, with a perambulatory around the main altar, and is decorated with the legend of St. Philomena. Separating the ambulatory from the old church are the two altars of the Saint of Ars: to the left that of his glorification, with its inspiring statue, to the right his magnificent chasse, or shrine. So beautiful is the latter in its material splendor, so overwhelming in its spiritual significance, that I was left well-nigh spell-bound. There lay the dear Saint, as if sleeping, resting for the first time and the right time, sweetly smiling, as if the beauty he saw in that great moment of his falling asleep were still reflected in his countenance, to softly coax us into the practice of perfection and to teach us the sense of proportion that makes the saint.

**T**HE presbytery is a shrine. What marvels the plain little house roofed over! The devil literally made it his stamping ground for

many years; it was hallowed by visitations of St. Philomena, of angels, and of Our Lady herself, who was actually seen and heard in conversation with the Curé. Now the house is a reliquary, holding the Saint's appurtenances. The pilgrim sees his shoes, cassocks, vestments, books, furniture, and the terrible instruments of his mortification.

**T**HE surroundings of Ars have a special charm. Nature takes joy in setting the scene for such a holy place. She has smoothed the foothills into gentle swells, like prostrate worshippers, and across it all she throws a prayerful breeze, incensed with the fragrance of the fields.

I wandered out of the village, and across the rippling Fontblin, which is just the kind of stream Ars should have. How incongruous it would be, if Ars were on a broad, deep river! Below the stone bridge, where poplars lined the bank, women were pounding and slapping clothes. In the fields, children were watching sheep. I looked into the grounds surrounding the ancient Chateau des Garets, home of the good Comte, friend and protector of the Curé. It is a two-story brick, very like the mansions our great-grandfathers sometimes built in the Upper South. Though still occupied by the family, it seems a bit forlorn, and the lawn is full of weeds.

Passing back to the road leading south to Trevoux, I walked up the slope till I could look on the quiet village. A tree offered shade, and I lay full length on the grass. The goats grazing there minded me not, nor was the little goatherd disturbed in his simple play in the dust of the roadside. Through half-shut eyes I fed my memory on the restful beauty, the saint-like calm of the scene. There, at the foot of the gentle slope, were the trees and roofs of Ars, and the cupola and bell-tower of the basilica and church; away to the west lounged the hazy hills beyond the Saone; to the north and east stretched the plains of La Dombes, with rows of shivering poplars.

Perhaps I dozed, I lay there so long, till the slanting rays of the sun got under my eyelids. I must have dozed, for I thought I saw a strangely old, young priest come pensively up from the south, with a look as of one seeking something, minding not the cold wind that I

thought came whipping down from the upland. He made an inquiry of the small goatherd, who didn't seem to understand at first; then nodded. I thought the priest uttered a cry of joy and threw himself on his knees on the frozen road—yes, I must have been dozing, for this was August, not February. Then I put scattered ends of thoughts together, and recalled that St. Vianney had got his

priests, but several were typical tourists, too.

A beautiful custom initiated by St. Vianney is still practiced, namely night and morning prayers in common. At 8, as twilight is aging into night, one sees the villagers and their guests coming along the streets, converging at the church door. They kneel at the shrine of their sainted Curé, and pray as he taught their fathers to pray. Indeed, he still speaks to them, for part of the devotions consists of readings from the Curé's catechisms.

When I came out, I stood by the southern retaining wall, and breathed deep of the pure air that came sweeping down from the high land across the Fontblin, from under the bright disk of the moon. The bright points of the stars twinkled from the velvet vault that stretched over all the night. It was soul-inspiring, with the memory of the Curé in my mind. So it was quite a rude jolt to hear a little boy, as he passed along under the wall, gaily whistle the lilting notes of "Valencia." I took another deep breath to recover my calm, and went to bed.

Morning prayers too, are said in common at Ars. Whereas the evening devotions take place around the Saint's shrine, those of the morning are held in the little, old church. All is dark; but one light sheds its glow, and that in the Curé's pulpit, where his venerable successor in the pastorate of Ars leads in prayer and gives points for meditation. It is easy to carry oneself back to the great days of "the pilgrimage to Ars," when in these morning hours the church would be crowded with penitents, many of whom had been waiting all night, waiting to unburden their consciences to the Curé and to God.

After morning prayers, the Masses begin: the morning I was there, several were celebrated simultaneously, and more later.

**S**O THE days follow one another, blessed with prayer and holy meditation. The spirit of St. Vianney looks down with heavenly pleasure on his dear village, whose soil he kissed on his first arrival, whose ways his feet pressed as he went about in his missions of mercy, whose church he made the goal of thousands of poor sinners, and whose glory is now the possession of his relics and his shrine.

## Spiritual Vessel

By CATHARINE MARY BRESNAN

**L**ADY Mother, be to me  
The vessel of my fluid soul.  
Mould it in thy clemency,  
Encompass it and keep it whole.

Let thy faithfulness restrain  
My heart's untoward waywardness,  
Lest it scatter in a rain  
Wind-driven, shifting, purposeless.

Thou the fount of wisdom, hold  
The flowing currents of my thought;  
Let them filter through the gold  
Thy constant prayers for me have wrought.

Lady Mother, hold me fast  
Within the vessel of thy grace,  
Till with thee, I may at last  
Be bound by beauty of God's face.

first sight of his parish from this spot, in February, 1818.

Returning to the village, I had a few moments before supper. Ars is still a place of pilgrimage, though of course it does not attract the huge crowds that flocked there during the Saint's latter years. However, the dining room of my hotel was well filled with pilgrims of various states of life. Many, of course, were

# Why Catholics Submit

"NOT A PRISONER HANDCUFFED TO ANOTHER PRISONER"

By F. F. O. ORCHARD

**A** POLITICAL crisis has arisen in Germany over the question of giving facilities for divorce. At the time of writing the Center Party, composed of Catholics, threatens to withdraw from the Coalition, a step which would mean the break-up of the present Government and the beginning of a conflict the end of which no man can foresee.

And all because the Church will not endorse any action tending to weaken the marriage bond! To the outsider it seems needless, cruel, an exercise of unreasoning tyranny, an obstinate adhesion to obsolete traditions. Why, he asks, should the whole machinery of the State be thrown out of order by a set of priest-ridden politicians? Why is such opposition offered to what is, after all, a bit of humane legislation? If now it had been a question of taxation—!

The same accusations of harshness and cruelty are made when, as happens from time to time, some specially pitiful case of matrimonial discord is brought before the public and it is found that the couple, being Catholics, cannot end their troubles as others in a like situation do. "The Roman Catholic Church forbids divorce," say the bystanders, and it may be granted that, stated in that crude way, the veto does indeed seem oppressive. That any body of intelligent men and women living in the Twentieth Century should be found willing to submit to a Church exercising so drastic an authority with regard to such intimate personal matters is, to the average person, a problem he does not even try to solve. It is one of those mysteries of the Catholic mentality which he frankly refuses to tackle. Yet the thing is not so difficult to understand once you get the right point of view.

For one thing, the critic makes the mistake of regarding the Catholic Church as of the same character as those sects with which he is familiar. He thinks of it as an ecclesiastical organization like Episcopalianism or Congregationalism, that is to say, confessedly liable to err and exercising therefore only limited powers.

On this question of divorce he knows that the members of these bodies are divided, and that in any case they express no more than temporary views and are willing to adapt themselves to changing circumstances. What he does not realize is that, to the Catholic, the voice of his Church is the voice of God, infallible and inexorable. It is to no human autocrat, to no committee of his fellows that the Catholic submits. He is not bothered in his mind and weakened in his judgment by having to consider how far the Authority that has laid this cross on him may have erred. He *knows* that the commandment is holy and just and that it is as irrevocable as a law of nature. That makes it infinitely easier to bear.

There is no servility in submitting to God. Kings and Emperors have done so without shame. The Pope himself kneels humbly before the altar whereon abides his Lord's sacramental Presence. There is, thus, for the Catholic, no degradation in obeying a law which, if issued by a man-made institution, he might resent as an unwarrantable interference with his personal liberty. He knows that God, speaking through His Church, has the right to order him in this matter and that His infinite wisdom vouches for its reasonableness. The very intransigence of the Church helps him. The wife to whom he is sacramentally united is his own flesh and blood. It were as idle to protest against the union as to pick a quarrel with Providence on the score of his short-sightedness, or the color of his hair or the fact that he has a club-foot. His greatest wisdom lies in making the best of what he has regarded as "a bad job." And with that reflection a large part of his trouble disappears. Resignation succeeds to fret and worry. *The very rigour of the Authority that commands him makes its ruling easier to bear.*

Then, too, the individual I have named Outsider must consider that, to the Catholic, the Church which

enforces these "harsh" regulations is not merely the supreme Authority; she is his Mother. He reveres and loves her with more than the reverence and affection one gives to the best of human mothers. The building in which he worships is his Home. The priest who ministers to him is his father-in-God. His religion is steeped in the atmosphere of a holy domesticity. The Church is the Body of that Savior Who died for him and Whose every word is directed towards His children's eternal welfare. The Crucifix symbolizing the spirit of his Church reminds the Catholic of what his Lord suffered for him. He sees that every sacrifice demanded of him was first made by the One who imposes the demand. You may defy a pampered autocrat. But defiance of the Crucified is a different matter. Even a Judas cannot live with the thought that he has betrayed Him, and the look of the One Whom he had denied is enough to reduce Peter, the rough fisherman, to tears. You must understand Catholic devotion before you can understand Catholic obedience. The vetoes to which we submit come to us in no dictatorial tone. They are the warnings, uttered through His Church, of One Who "loved us and gave Himself for us." Under those circumstances obedience becomes a joy. It should be plain to the dullest that submission to an Authority of that kind is a totally different thing to the submission demanded by Councils, Congresses or ecclesiastical organizations of human creation. *Reverence, trust and love for the Power that commands him robs the Catholic's obedience of all taint of superstitious servility.*

**T**HE Church is not content with telling us to do this and not do that. As her legislation demands, on the part of her children, a supernatural holiness, so she supplies them, through her Sacraments, with supernatural strength. It is the overlooking of this fact more than any other which makes her laws seem at times so unreasonable. They *would* be unreasonable if addressed to unassisted human nature. Issued



by a political power unable to count on more than its own prestige in securing compliance, they would be cruel. Put forth by a Church which made no profession of supplying supernatural and sacramental grace they would but mock our human weakness. That is why Governments have so often found and why Protestant Churches are beginning to find compromise on the question of divorce necessary. The requirement of exalted virtue must be accompanied by very special help or it quickly becomes a dead letter. Those who object to the Church's enactments with regard to marriage are, from their point of view, quite logical. From that point of view, those enactments ask too much of human nature. But this does not apply to an Institution which gives the faithful, for the health of their souls, the Body and Blood of Incarnate God. Separate the demands which the Church makes from the Gifts which she bestows and only confusion and misunderstanding follow. *The Authority which gives balances and makes comprehensible the Authority which asks.*

IT is relevant to any consideration of the subject we are discussing that the Catholic Church is a visible Society and that the grace of God which she administers reaches us through physical channels. An abstract law affecting such intimate relationships as that of marriage, unless something were offered by way of substitution and compensation on the same plane would be cruel in the extreme. The prospect of a continuance of unhappy domestic life would be unendurable if it were not for the solace of the Divine Society. If the Church were no more than a piece of ecclesiastical machinery, if the relationship with Our Lord to which we may attain through her sacraments were not comparable to that of husband and wife—then, indeed, the fate of the ill-mated Catholic couple would be painful to contemplate. But there is a law of compensation running through the Christian life which is nowhere better illustrated than in this case. Those who sacrificed prospects of happiness for His sake, Our Lord assured His disciples, should "receive an hundred times as much, now in this time." The fellowship of that Sacred Company, the Church, Triumphant and Militant, is capable of enabling us

to forget human shortcomings. When Christ bade His disciples leave all to follow Him, the sacrifice asked was balanced by a promise of "houses and brethren, and sisters and mothers and children and lands." It is reasonable to extend this to those who, in obedience to Him, endure ties which the natural man would fain sever. Over against the imperfect society of the ill-assorted couple, we may confidently place the Perfect Society represented by the Catholic Church.

In what I have so far said I have spoken as though any incompatibility between husband and wife such as leads to divorce, any failure on the part of one or the other or on the part of both, was irremediable. That is how the world considers it. It may even be, as I have assumed, that the disagreement between two Catholics bound together in holy matrimony will prove permanent. Some fundamental difference, not discovered till it was too late, may separate them for life. The wrong inflicted by one on the other may be of a nature which will make it undesirable that they should live together. But it must be remembered that the graces God gives can overcome what appear to be insuperable obstacles to harmony. I have known a Catholic couple who seemed hopelessly estranged to learn in course of time to overcome their differences and to be thankful that they had not acted on impulse and severed the tie which bound them. Even ordinary patience and the lapse of time will effect wonders. How much more will these factors operate if they are reinforced by supernatural gifts of forbearance. And when the difficult

years have been surmounted, when early passions have been purified, when experience has taught tact, when earthly affection has been infused with the holier love given to those who reverence one another as fellow-members of the Body of Christ, when, in short, the water of the Wedding Feast is turned to wine, how thankful will they be who experience such blessedness that the Church forbade them follow their earlier inclinations!

THE Catholic, because he knows what God's grace can do and is aware of a supernatural Power aiding his own human efforts, always has his hope. He is not a prisoner handcuffed to another prisoner, each resenting the bond but unable to break it. On the contrary, the bond is a pledge that those whom God has united he will help to live together in harmony. The possibilities of adjustment, under His direction, are endless, and when they are realized how rich and deep is the hallowed companionship which emerges from the years of conflict! Because he can count on supernatural assistance, the Catholic can hope for happiness in relationships which others would sever as dooming them to permanent misery. And this hope makes endurable even those times when the fruition of prayer and effort seems furthest off.

Is it not clear then that, to the faithful, the law forbidding divorce is far from being the harsh and tyrannical measure that the Outsider thinks it?

We might go further, did space permit, and point out that the very possibility of putting an end to their union unsettles a husband and wife. By undermining the sacred character of the bond uniting them, divorce laws degrade marriage and act as an irritant. Armed men will quarrel sooner than those who have no means of settling their differences by physical force. In like manner, the husband and wife who can contemplate having resort to the Courts are more likely to find occasion for so doing than those who refuse to consider such a solution to their difficulties. The Catholic's knowledge that his marriage is for life compels him to develop all its possibilities of happy fellowship. Divorce laws make for divorce. The Church's refusal to recognize such laws is itself a prime factor in rendering them needless.

## Love's Offering

By KATE RANDLE MENEFEE

I'VE read the talent story, Lord,  
And I have few, so very few:  
I wonder when the reckoning comes  
What I shall have to show to you.

But if you take my little song  
You'll find in it a glistening tear  
Which fell because I could not sing  
A masterpiece to One so dear.

# On The Virtues of The Name of Jesus

Being a transcription of the *Encomium Nominis Jesu* (Praise of the Name of Jesus) by Richard Rolle of Hampole (1300-1349) from the Thornton MS. f. 192, in Lincoln Cathedral, collated with the Harleian MS. 1022 f. 62, British Museum, and modernized by G. C. Heseltine.

**O**LEUM effusum nomen tuum"—that is, in English, "Oil outpoured is Thy Name." As soon as the Name of Jesus comes into the world it smells as oil outpoured. Oil, that is a token of everlasting salvation for which we hope. Jesus indeed means Saviour or "healthful." Therefore what does "Oil outpoured is Thy Name" mean but "Jesus is Thy Name." This Name is oil outpoured because Jesus the Word of God has taken the nature of Man.

O Jesus! Thou dost fulfil in work what Thou art called in Name. Verily Thou Whom we call Saviour dost save man, and therefore Jesus is Thy Name. Ah! that wonderful Name! Ah! that delectable Name! This is the Name that is above all names, the Name which is highest of all, without which no man hopes for salvation. This Name is sweet and joyful, giving veritable comfort to the heart of man. Verily the Name of Jesus is in my mind a joyous song and heavenly music in mine ear, and in my mouth a honeyed sweetness. Wherefore no wonder I love that Name which gives comfort to me in all my anguish.

I cannot pray, I cannot meditate, but in sounding the Name of Jesus. I savour no joy that is not mingled with Jesus. Wheresoever I be, wheresoever I sit, whatsoever I do, the thought of the savour of the Name of Jesus never leaves my mind. I have set it in my mind, I have set it as a token upon my heart, as a token upon my arm.

For love is strong as death. As death slays all things, love overcomes all things. Everlasting love has overcome me not to slay me but to quicken me. But it has wounded me, that it might heal me. It has pierced through my heart that it might more thoroughly be healed. And now, overcome, I faint. I can scarcely live for joy. I almost die. For I cannot suffice in this feeble flesh to bear such abundant sweetness of so great a majesty.

There pours into my mind a most delicious sweetness to inebriate it

continually. The flesh may not fail in its virtue whilst the soul is always ravished to delight in such joys. But whence comes such joy to me but through Jesus? The Name of Jesus has taught me to sing, and has inflamed my mind with the heat of uncreated light. Therefore I sigh and cry: "Who shall show to the beloved Jesus how I languish for love?"

My flesh has failed and my heart melts with love, yearning for Jesus. All my heart, fixed in yearning for Jesus, is turned into the fire of love; and with the sweetness of the Godhead it is entirely filled. Therefore, O good Jesus, have mercy on this wretch! Show Thyself to him who languishes for Thee! Be Thou a healer to the wounded! If Thou comest I am whole. I do not feel sick but in languishing for Thy love. Let my soul, seeking Thee, take Thee Whom it loves, with Whose Love it is taken, Whom alone it covets.

Verily is the mind touched with sovereign sweetness, and made to wax hot in the love of its Creator, whilst it strives to hold continually within it the most sweet Name of Jesus. Verily from thence arises a great love; and whatsoever it truly touches it ravishes utterly to itself. It inflames the affections, it binds the thought, yea, and draws the whole man to its service. Verily, O Jesus, is Thy Name desirable, lovable and full of comfort. No joy so sweet can be conceived. No solace so delectable can be imagined. No song so sweet may be heard.

Therefore whosoever thou art that dost prepare to love God, if thou wilt neither be deceived nor deceive, if thou wilt be wise and not foolish, if thou wilt stand and not fall, remember always to keep the Name of Jesus in thy mind. And then thine enemy shall fall and thou shalt stand, thine enemy shall be made weak, thou shalt be made strong. And if thou wilt do this loyally, without fear, thou shalt be a glorious and praiseworthy conqueror. Seek therefore the Name of Jesus and keep it, and

forget it not. Truly nothing so quenches the fell flames, destroys evil thoughts, casts out venomous affections, and puts away from us curious and vain occupations.

This Name of Jesus, loyally kept in mind, draws up vices by the roots, implants virtues, sows charity, pours in the savour of heavenly things, destroys discord, re-establishes peace, gives everlasting rest, does away with the grievousness of fleshly desires, turns all earthly things to sorrow, and fills the lover with ghostly joy.

So it may well be said: "*Et gloriabuntur omnes qui diligunt nomen tuum, quoniam tu benedices justo*" that is, "All shall rejoice that love Thy Name, for Thou shalt bless the righteous." Because the righteous have deserved to be blessed if they have truly loved the Name of Jesus. And therefore they are called righteous because they strove to love Jesus truly. Therefore what can he lack who desires to love the Name of Jesus unceasingly? Indeed he loves and yearns to love, for we know that the love of God is of such a kind that the more we love the more we long to love.

Therefore it is said: "*Qui edunt me adhuc esuriunt, et qui bibunt me adhuc siciunt*," that is to say: "They that eat of me yet hunger, and they that drink of me yet thirst." Therefore the Name of Jesus and the love thereof is in itself delectable and to be coveted. Therefore joy shall not fail him who desires actively to love Him Whom the angels yearn to behold. Angels ever see, and they ever yearn to see; and they are so filled that their filling does not destroy desire, and they so desire that their desire does not destroy their fulfillment.

**T**HIS is full joy, This is endless joy. This is glorious joy which those who are filled with it enjoy enduringly without harm. And if we enjoy it we shall be filled with it always without lessening. Therefore, O Jesus, all shall rejoice that love Thy Name. They shall indeed rejoice now by the inpouring of Thy grace, and in

time to come by the sight of joy, and therefore they shall rejoice because joy comes of love, and because they love Thy Name. Hence he that loves not shall evermore be without joy. Hence many worldly wretches, thinking to rejoice with Christ, shall sorrow eternally. And why? Because they loved not the Name of Jesus.

**W**HATSOEVER you do, if you give all you have to the needy, unless you love the Name of Jesus, you labor in vain. Those alone may rejoice in Jesus who love Him in this life. And they that defile themselves with vices and venomous delights, never fear but that they are put away from joy. So let all know that the Name of Jesus is saving, fruitful and glorious. Therefore, who shall have salvation who loves it not? Or who shall bear fruit before Christ that has not the flower? And he shall not see joy who, rejoicing, loves not the Name of Jesus. The wicked man shall be done away with so that he sees not the joy of God. Verily do the righteous seek joy and love, and they find it in Jesus, Whom they loved.

I went about covetous of riches and I found not Jesus. I ran in wantonness of the flesh, and I found not Jesus. I sat in companies of worldly mirth and I found not Jesus. In all these I sought Jesus but I found Him not. For He let me know by His grace that He is not found in the land of softly living. Therefore I turned by another way and I ran about in poverty, and I found Jesus poorly born into the world, laid in a crib, and lapped in cloths. I wandered in the suffering of weariness, and I found Jesus weary in the way, tormented with hunger, thirst and cold, filled with reproofs and blame. I sat by myself alone, fleeing the vanities of the world, and I found Jesus in the desert, fasting on the mountain, praying alone. I went the way of pain and penance, and I found Jesus bound, scourged, given gall to drink, nailed to the Cross, hanging on the Cross, and dying on the Cross.

Therefore Jesus is not found in riches but in poverty, not in delights but in penance, not in wanton rejoicing but in bitter weeping, not among many but in solitude.

**N**O EVIL man finds Jesus, for he seeks Him not where He is. He strives to seek Jesus in the joy of

the world, where He shall never be found. Verily therefore the Name of Jesus is saving and must needs be loved by all coveting salvation. He covets his salvation well who keeps constantly within him the name of Jesus. Indeed I do not wonder that the tempted fall if they keep

not the Name of Jesus permanently in their minds.

Securely may he or she choose to live alone, who has chosen the Name of Jesus for his very own. For where the Name of Jesus is much in mind or named in mouth may no wicked spirit hurt.

## Catholicity in China

**I**T is only within comparatively recent times that China has become of first rate importance in the political and commercial activities of the world, whereas for centuries she has been one of the greatest fields of Catholic missionary work. During the twenty-nine years of the present century mission activity has developed in a wonderful way and the results have been commensurate with the efforts made.

The progress of Catholicism in China has been steady and strong as the latest figures for the year 1927-July 1928 show.

The total number of Catholic missionaries, men and women, foreign and native, in China in the July of 1928 was 7,845.

The foreign missionaries, from all countries, numbered 3,553, divided as follows:

71 Bishops,	1,945 Priests,
1,236 Sisters,	301 Brothers,

The native missionaries totaled 4,292, divided as follows:

6 Bishops,	1,345 Priests,
2,527 Sisters,	414 Brothers.

There are, in addition, 3,045 seminarists studying for the priesthood, 722 in Regional Seminaries and 2,323 in Diocesan Seminaries.

This total of 7,845 Catholic missionaries is a very big number, but altogether too small to cope with the vast work before them. In the last ten years the Catholic missionaries from foreign lands have added 1,000 to their number. The native clergy is growing fast, as the ordination of 100 priests last year testifies. Of China's immense population of some 450,000,000 only 2,463,750 are Catholics. These figures show that there are over 447,000,000 Chinese still outside the fold; that only 1 in every 182 is a Catholic; that there is but one priest for every 133,363 inhabitants; one priest for 731 Catholics.

The missionary, often completely taken up with the care of his Catholic flock, has little time to labor among the pagans. Owing to circumstances, especially in the interior, and above all owing to the shortage of men, there are great difficulties in opening mission stations, conducting schools, catechumenates and orphanages.

Although the difficulties are great, there are very consoling results. The number of Catholics in 1900 was 741,562, and in 1908, 1,141,710; today their number is 2,463,750. Thus the number has doubled in twenty years, and more than trebled in 28 years. Last year 18,000,000 Holy Communion were distributed, 7,229,000 confessions heard; there were 43,490 baptisms of adults—the number of dying children baptized was nearly 750,000—100 native priests ordained. New colleges are being built and new religious centres established, as well as new religious congregations founded. Then the number of native missionaries, 4,292, and seminarists, 3,045 give encouraging hopes. All the statistics disclose the vitality of the Catholic Church in China, a vitality which is daily increasing, offering great assurance of future expansion.



# Old Carl Adams

YOUNG VICKARS STEPS INTO "OLD" VICKARS SHOES

By GRACE KEON

**O**LD CARL wiped his mouth vigorously. It was necessary, for he still clung to a huge *mustache*, thick, heavy, bristling, gray, with long ends. And when one drank Ludie's coffee—well, one drank deep and with satisfaction. For Ludie knew how to make a cup of coffee—the best in the world, he told her with a long ah! of contentment. Ludie smiled at him and shook her finger.

"You say that every morning, Carl, and every night. I'll bet you say it to that lunch-room girl, too, where you eat at noon. I know you, you old smoozer, I know you!"

"My gracious, Ludie! How can you talk like that? They don't make coffee in that lunch-room. They just manufacture it—so much water and so much milk and so much ground bean—and there it is, take it or leave it. But you, Ludie! And Lent coming on and all! It would be a real penance now, to give up *your* coffee."

Ludie frowned.

"So! You talk about giving up my coffee, Carl Adams? I won't stand for it. You give up your pipe, always, that's enough, and it doesn't interfere with your health, anyhow. But at sixty-nine a man like you, working every day, doesn't have to give up coffee. Didn't we almost have a fight about it last year, and didn't Father Foran tell you—"

"Oh, all right, Ludie, all right! I was just fooling anyhow. I won't give up your coffee, Ludie, but I won't take any with my meal in the middle of the day."

"Pooh! I should care about the lunch-room coffee—you have your nice hot soup—that's plenty. But not morning or night, Carl."

"Yes, Ludie, yes! If I have to stay in Purgatory maybe two or three years longer—maybe then you'll be sorry you didn't let me do as I wanted! Telling Father Foran about me, too, and fixing it so that I just *had* to keep on with it!" Carl grumbled, but his blue eyes were merry as he got into his coat and took up his old soft hat. "Good-by, Ludie, God bless you." He kissed her wrinkled cheek. "Don't mind your old Carl—he's just teasing you."

"As if I didn't know it," answered Ludie. "But I'm scared sometimes that that fooling may be real. Good-by, my Carl. Mind the stairs. Careful!"

She went to the window and watched the slender bent figure making its way to the corner. Here he paused to look back and up, and wave his hand, and she waved in return. After that he went down the subway steps. No one in the whole world, she thought, had a better husband than her handsome Carl. And he, in turn, knew there was never a wife anywhere like his pretty Ludie.

Three rooms they possessed—comfortable rooms—in a very nice house, on a very nice street, rooms that were the pride and joy of Ludie's heart, the pride and comfort of Carl's. Ludie was always busy. "I like to fuss," she would say, simply and smilingly, and so she polished and dusted and cleaned incessantly, save when Carl was home. Carl still held his job—and his health—so what more could an old couple want? Mr. Pritchard told him often he couldn't get along without him—he was part of the firm—as he should be, after fifty years. An enviable record. So he and Ludie thanked God in their happy way for the favors He bestowed upon them, just as they had thanked Him for the crosses they had endured. They took life as it came, and found it good, because they saw His hand in everything.

Every morning, rain or shine, Carl went down to the big office and warehouse where Pritchard & Vickars dealt in furs. He did as he pleased after he got there—his duties had been lightened with the years. He roamed over the building, poked his nose here, there, and everywhere, his keen, bright blue eyes under their shaggy gray brows seeing a great deal more than any one gave him credit for. Many a young chap owed promotion to Carl's comments on his attention to duty and many a quiet warning was whispered into the ears of those who might be delinquent.

The watchdog, they called him, not unkindly, for Carl never did or said anything to hurt a living soul, but he seemed uncannily able to see through actions and guess at motives. Strange that old Carl, at sixty-nine, should have so much mental alertness.

Not for worlds would he have told Ludie that there was trouble somewhere in the concern so dear to him. He knew it. Mr. Pritchard knew it and was worried. Furs had been disappearing. Quietly, one piece at a time, in the beginning. Then two. They had lost a half-dozen valuable bits in eight months. A detective had been put to work, but after six weeks Mr. Pritchard had dismissed him. There wasn't a man in the place who hadn't been followed and watched, and all had been proven above suspicion. Mr. Pritchard, however, was greatly depressed. The subtlety and quietness of the thefts bothered him not a little. They bothered young Harry Vickars, too.

"Old Carl will never believe it's any one in the building," said the senior member.

"Well, it is. You know it is."

"But, Harry, I have a lot of faith in old Carl's intuition. Even though you seem so sure, maybe there's an explanation somewhere," said Mr. Pritchard.

"Old Carl!" Young Harry Vickars smiled a little contemptuously "Why don't you pension him off or something? Stupid fellow, ambling over the place, what good is he? Certainly no credit to a house like ours."

"Never mind, Harry. Carl Adams is all right."

"Not seven-tenths all right," grumbled young Harry. "There he goes now . . . say—, Carl! Carl!" He had seen the old man passing along the hall. "Come in here a minute."

**O**LD Carl entered and stood looking at young Harry with serene eyes. Mr. Pritchard spoke to him.

"Harry doesn't want you, Carl. I do. I'll need some 8x10 blue sheets and some seconds. Will you go over the paper shelves and see where we stand? I think we'll have to order more."

"Why, yes, sir. Certainly. I'll

be glad to." Smiling and nodding affably, he went out. Pritchard's eyes narrowed.

"Don't ever say anything to hurt him, Harry. Old Carl won't be here when you are my age, but maybe I'll be like . . . old Carl. So will you some day. We can thank God if we're as good."

"Oh, I'm not saying . . . You know very well—"

"I know. Listen to me. They gave three boys to their country, Harry—three of them . . . only one of the three came home to die, the others are somewhere in France. Easy, Harry! Be proud of old Carl. I am."

HARRY turned on his heel, shaking off the kindly hand. At heart he was a little ashamed, but he was grouchy and upset this morning. A quarrel the preceding day with the one and only girl in the world had given him a jaundiced eye. Later on Carl drifted into Mr. Pritchard's office to report on the paper stock, and Pritchard pushed a chair toward him.

"Sit down," he said. "Have a couple of cigars."

Carl sat down and took two cigars, placing them carefully in his inside pocket.

"I'll enjoy them tonight with Gus Worth when he comes up for pinochle."

"Yes? Then Aunt Ludie will jump on me. Say it's my fault that you smoke before bedtime."

"Not Ludie, she'll be only too glad to smell a cigar instead of that old pipe," he chuckled.

"How is the good wife, Carl?"

"Oh, fine! Getting younger every minute. You know, they talk a lot about the pretty girls in the world, but I'm always telling Ludie to keep on the shady side of the street or some of them beauty-show men will discover her."

"Good for you, Carl! You're not taking any chances."

"No, sir-ee!" He glanced cautiously over his shoulder. "Nothing yet, sir?"

"Nothing, Carl. But we're working. I can't tell you about it—walls have ears."

"Um . . . what's the matter with young Harry?"

"Oh, he fell out of bed the wrong side this morning."

"Well . . ." old Carl hesitated. "We loved old Harry, didn't we? Too bad he had to be taken before he

broke the boy in to the job a bit."

"Yes. It was too bad." Pritchard's face gloomed over. He had loved "old" Harry Vickars. They had been closer than brothers for twenty years.

"But the boy's all right. He's straight as a string, Mr. Pritchard—and he'll get over being young only too soon. Now there's something else. I thought you promised me that driver's job for Paulie Rayner."

"I did, Carl."

"Then why did you put that new fellow on? He's—well, I hope he's more honest than he looks, and I'm worried about Paulie. I told him you'd—"

"The promise still holds, Carl." Mr. Pritchard put his hand on Carl's shoulder. "Don't fret about it. The job is Paul's. Next week some time. And another thing—keep away from the storage floors for a day or two. You've got such sharp eyes and you'll see things, too much, that I can't explain—"

"But most of my work is done up there, Mr. Pritchard," ejaculated old Carl. "I don't—"

"Can't you trust me, Carl! I have a reason." He lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "We'll catch the thief this week and then you can do as you please once more."

"All right, sir," said Carl, but his heart was a little heavy. Too bad to think there was some one in Pritchard & Vickars that couldn't be trusted. That new driver now! But no. This had started before the new driver came. And there wasn't another man to whom the slightest suspicion could be attached. A feeling of sadness took possession of him. One of the office, perhaps? That nice boy, David? Or Ambrose, the book-keeper? What nonsense!! He must be crazy even to think of such a thing!

Ludie glanced at him sharply several times that evening. Carl seemed different. Then Gus Worth, who lived on the floor above, came down for his nightly game.

"Paul and Hattie's just arrived," he said to Ludie, "and they want you to see the new baby. Paul would like to talk to you, Carl. Can he?"

"Sure he can," said Carl. "Tell him, Ludie, eh?" He was very fond of Paul Rayner, Gus Worth's fine young son-in-law. But then Carl's heart was tender and gentle with all young men, and those who knew him knew why. Paul came in, smiling,

but there was an anxious line or two about his mouth.

"Well, now, Paulie! How's things, Paulie?" greeted old Carl.

"Just about ready to bust up," he said. "They're keeping me as long as they can—Mr. Hart asked me again to go to Bridgeport with them—but, . . . well, you see, Hattie can't even talk about it. She'll go, if we have to, but it's no fun picking up four kids, and trying to sell the little house, and start all over again in a strange place, so far away."

"What makes you talk like that? Didn't I tell you that Mr. Pritchard would take care of you? Didn't I? I spoke to him today, yes, this very day about you."

"Oh, you did? Honest? What did he say?"

"In a week, Paul."

"No? You don't mean it? Say, I walked past the place during my noon-hour. Thought I'd get a chance to see you, but they said you were out. That funny-faced fellow on the wagon—gosh, he looks like a crook!"

"Mustn't judge a man's look, Paul."

"Sure, I know that. And he must be all right, for one of the bosses, that young fellow with the blonde hair, came up and talked to him, and they walked away together."

"Oh, well, that's nothing new."

"There was another one, too, the black-haired man, you know him? I forget his name. He came out of the building and looked after them and kind of smiled. Say, will he be my boss, Carl? I think he can be a bit of a tough egg."

"Who? Powell? Oh, Powell's all right, too," said Carl, loyally. He didn't like Joe Powell, chief of the shipping-floor at all. But that didn't matter. He was a good man and did his work. In spite of Mr. Pritchard's kindness, old Carl knew well just what young Harry thought of him, and he often wondered if Powell hadn't helped to prejudice young Harry against him.

"Just don't fret about it, Paulie," he said now. "You won't lose a day. I bet you. Maybe we'll want you before you're ready."

"Mr. Hart would let me go any time, Carl."

"Then that's all right."

OLD Carl, puzzled, played abstractedly, and a chuckle of delight from his crony showed him that no one could play pinochle with his mind elsewhere, for he lost his bid by five

points. No wonder Gus chortled, for "Carl's luck" in cards was a matter of comment. But Carl did not care very much. Even pinochle had lost some of its charm. What was young Harry doing with that driver? Didn't seem right . . .

"Ludie, it's only nine o'clock, I thing I'll take a turn around the block and buy another package of tobacco."

"All right, Carl. It will do you good—you've got something on your mind, Carl, all right—you can't fool me. And don't stay talking to that John—you know what you are when you get going—my gracious, you and John are always saving the country there in that two by two hole in the wall."

"I won't stop, I promise." He put on his overcoat and as he slipped his hand into his pocket an expression of dismay crossed his face. "Ludie! I forgot to leave the keys for Miller! Here they are! Now how did I come to do that? How did I—"

HER face mirrored her concern. Pritchard & Vickars meant something to her, too.

"He can't open the upstairs door—he'll have a fit, Ludie. I'd better go down and give them to him. An hour it will take, but, I don't know how I came to be so forgetful—I wouldn't have Mr. Pritchard know I did a thing like this. Don't you think I'd better go, Ludie?"

"I suppose you'll have to, Carl," she said, resignedly. "It's a nice night, and it's early. But you'll hurry all you can? Don't stay stalking to Miller half the night, either. I'm going to sit there by the window and say my rosary until you get back."

"I'll not stay one minute," he said emphatically, pulling his soft hat down over his forehead. "My gracious, Ludie, I don't know how I did it. I've handed those keys to Miller every night for the last fifteen years! Why, I gave him *some* keys tonight, sure I did! The wrong ones, the keys for the office. That's it. Goodbye for a while, Ludie. Miller will think Carl is getting old or something."

She went to the window as she did every morning, and the bright street lamps illumined the thin, bent figure as he passed. At the corner he lifted his hat, and then she saw him going down the subway stairs. She drew the rocker close and gazed out into the night—up at the stars. Her beads moved through her wrinkled hands.

Softly she prayed. Presently she turned her head and looked at the picture in its dull gold frame above the mantel. Good faces—all—laughing faces . . .

"For George . . ." she whispered.

"For Stephen . . ."

And then, for the gray-eyed lad who smiled down at her so cheerfully—the youngest one . . . her baby . . . the only one who had come back . . . to die.

"For Harry . . ." Her lips moved without a sound while the silver drops coursed down her cheeks unheeded. For George and Stephen and Harry—her sons. For George and Stephen and Harry . . . God give them peace!

The street was deserted when Carl reached it. How odd it looked at night—the tall dark buildings wrapped in gloom, not a sound, not a sign of life. Quietly Carl made his way to the elevator entrance. A key that would open the door was on his ring and he inserted it and entered, feeling his way toward the small side office where Miller stayed after making his rounds. Just as he put his hand on the knob something seemed to warn him of danger and he paused. He could hear heavy breathing, stertorous breathing, and it came from the other side of that office door. Carl waited, listening. The breathing did not vary. Could Miller have fallen asleep? And then a ray of light struck the edge of the stairs. There was somebody up there. Miller? But if it were Miller who was breathing so heavily, so painfully? The light flickered. It was growing stronger. Quickly Carl slipped into the little office. Yes, the breathing was stronger now. He had no time yet to investigate, he must watch that light—on the stairs. He glued his face to the crack and looked out. He was shivering. There was something wrong.

"I tell you I heard that door shut," said a voice.

"Steady!" said another voice. "You're dreaming. There's the door—and there's the hall." The light circled the lower hall swiftly, penetrating every corner.

"Miller! Miller may have got out."

"Oh, cut it! He's not Houdini and I tied him up myself. Wait. Keep quiet a minute. Listen to that! Can't you hear him? He's probably coming out of it—you'd better go while the going is good."

Carl's heart dropped like lead into

his boots. Young Harry! And Powell! And Mike, the new driver! Powell, with a package in his hands—Carl knew that package. The three silver foxes that had been delivered yesterday. But young Harry—oh, how could . . . He gazed again. Yes, there could be no mistake. It was young Harry Vickars.

"You go on," he heard young Harry whisper. "I'll take a look at Miller. If he's still unconscious I'll cut the rope and by the time he raises an alarm we'll be far away from here. Remember, you fellows! On time in the morning! Keep your mouths shut!"

"Right-o!" said Mike.

"Take it easy, you've got twenty minutes before the cop passes this way again."

They slipped out, one behind the other, and young Harry shut the door behind them. He waited a few seconds, then approached the small office, using his flashlight. Carl stepped to one side, though his limbs trembled so that he could hardly hold himself erect. Young Harry placed the light on the table, its rays, reflecting downward, showing a tightly bound, recumbent form on the floor. Moistening his lips then, and trying to steady himself, Carl spoke:

"Mr. Harry! Mr. Harry, sir!"

The young man turned, snatching at the light and playing it on the old man crouched against the wall.

"In heaven's name! Who is it? Who is it? Not . . . old Carl?"

"Yes, Mr. Harry. Yes . . . yes . . . it's old Carl. Only old Carl. Don't be afraid!"

"Old Carl! What are *you* doing here at this hour? How long have you been—"

"I saw it—I saw the two of them—Powell and that Mike. I saw you, too. Please . . . you're not in this? Please? Isn't there some mistake?"

THE young man stood still. Old Carl wavered toward him and put a trembling hand on his arm.

"I knew—I knew your father. I loved him—he was good to me, good to all of us. I know what temptations are . . . boys are reckless—they don't think. I had boys of my own . . . once. I know things. Please, Mr. Harry. Don't pull away. Let me talk to you. Maybe I can help."

"In what way could you help, old Carl?"

"If it's money—if you need money—the bank, the Government insur-



ance . . . I have the insurance there in . . . from my boys. One of them was Harry, too. I named him after your father. Ludie and I meant to leave it to some good cause when we passed on, but what better cause could there be than helping out a boy—a boy like you, young Harry?"

"Why, Carl . . ."

THE young man stood beside him and presently a warm drop of water fell on that shriveled old hand. Carl's soft heart nearly broke, then. Young Harry was crying . . . young Harry was crying . . .

"You'll let me help you, won't you? Oh, we'll be so glad, Ludie and I . . . we'll be so glad. . ."

"Carl, Carl, Carl!"

"We'll fix it up somehow . . ."

"Oh, you fine old man! You splendid, brave old man! No wonder your sons were heroes. Carl, Carl, I'm not in this as a thief—it's only a part of a plot to catch the real one. Mike isn't a driver, he's a detective—and we've got Powell just where we want him. It has taken me

months, he thinks I'm as bad as he is, but—hush! Listen! Do you hear that?"

A shrill and warning police whistle pierced the night air.

"That means Powell and Mike have been caught—also according to plan. Now let's get poor Miller untied, and stretch out his limbs. We gave him a whiff of chloroform to keep him quiet—not too much, I saw to that. Oh, Carl, no wonder my father loved you."

The next day Carl heard the whole story. Powell had been stealing for almost five years, covering his tracks so carefully, that for three out of those five years, Mr. Pritchard had laid his losses to accident. When, finally, he consulted the authorities, they convinced him that some one "inside" was giving what looked like sleight-of-hand performances. It had taken Harry Vickars two months to win Powell's confidence and two more to catch him red-handed, but the outcome had justified his labor.

So the three sat around Mr.

Pritchard's desk once more—old Carl and young Harry and the senior member.

"So Paulie can come tomorrow morning, sir?"

"Yes. Tell him to be here bright and early. And—have a couple of cigars, Carl."

"Sure I will, sir. Gus and I liked the others fine. . . ." Old Carl stood up then, turned toward the door, came back and put his hand on Harry Vickar's shoulder.

"It was worth everything we have in the world and ten times as much, to know that you—that you were straight, young Harry," he said, smiling.

"God bless you, Carl."

"He has, sir. He has. Finest bosses, finest job in the world!" He left them then, and the two men gazed at each other, neither ashamed of the tears that had arisen to their eyes. As for "young" Vickars, he had stepped, the preceding night, into "old" Vickars' shoes. Youth had looked on age and found it good and beautiful and worthy of homage.

## The Prodigal's Return

THE FAMILY FELT HE COULDN'T BE TAMED

By CHARLES F. FERGUSON

SO BUD was coming home! Battered, no doubt, by five years' wandering; that was to be expected. Lumbering in Maine woods, working with a section gang on the railroad, herding cattle out West and this last stunt of his in Alaska are not the kind of things that give social polish and make a man more eligible as the member of a respectable domestic circle. Bud was Bud—and always would be. Roughing it might have changed him in some respects, but it certainly wouldn't have tamed him; his family felt sure about that. He had always been wild. From the day when, as a kid of seven or eight, he had played truant from school and been found creeping under the canvas of the Circus tent right down to the time when Molly O'Hearn gave him the go-by and he swore to "have no more to do with tame rabbits," he had always been a disturbing element in the Munroe household. Munroe

senior was deacon at the Congregational church and Mrs. Munroe was given to "good works," so that it was another case of the hen and the ugly duckling. Their other children were quite normal. Nothing the matter with Stella if only she'd give up reading trashy novels, and George was the very pink of social propriety—looked like a tailor's model and spoke with the precision you'd expect of a dummy if it had been articulate. In this sedate circle Bud had emulated the proverbial bull in a china shop. Of course there were incessant rows—loud-voiced threats on the part of the Deacon, tears from Mrs. Munroe and defiance in Bud's eyes had been the usual procedure. The culprit's final exit had been partly expulsion, partly his own wilful act. And now he had written to say he was coming back.

In the ordinary course of things the news would have produced consternation. A returned prodigal arriving probably in clothes modelled on Charlie Chaplin's and behaving in the decorous manners cultivated by cowboys on the range was what the Monroe family would have pictured, and perhaps did even now picture. But there had been one sentence in this letter from the Klondyke which reconciled the absent one's relatives to his reappearance. "I have made a Great Discovery," he wrote. Further down they read, "If I can take up a little claim I pegged out some while ago, I'll be the happiest boy this side Kingdom Come." It was a little mysterious, but there could be no doubt as to the meaning. Coming from the land of gold, as it did, its significance was obvious. That Bud had been prospecting in the far North they knew. Now and again it had been suggested that perhaps his luck would turn and that he

would retrieve his past by making a fortune. But no one had taken seriously this fantastic idea. Yet it had come true.

It was wonderful in what a new light the members of his family were now able to see the errant one.

"He might have told us more," said Stella turning over the far-traveled scrawl. "But that's just like Bud. Wants to tantalize us, I guess. Keeping the news till he sees us—I call that mean."

"He wants to have the pleasure of telling us himself," Mrs. Munroe suggested. "That's only natural."

"Well, I'm glad he's coming home," remarked the father. "There's some boys wouldn't have done that. They'd have gone off and spent it on themselves forgetting those who brought 'em up. It shows sense and gratitude. Knocking about's done him good. We'll give him a good welcome anyway."

"Fatted calf and best robe," sneered George.

"Sure, if he'll pay for them," Stella retorted.

"What!" exclaimed her brother. "Ask the Prodigal to pay for the feast? I don't see Bud doing that. We shall be fortunate if we don't have to rig him out with a new suit and give him another start. You can spend a lot between here and Alaska."

"Oh George!" the mother censured. "How uncharitable you are! After all, he's your brother, even if he has been a bit wild."

"Has been?" was the answer. "I don't see any signs of improvement. Look at his letter—scrawled on a scrap of paper torn from an account book and full of absurd slang."

**FORESEEING** a squabble, Stella changed the subject.

"I wonder how much he's made," she said. "I put it at \$20,000. Shouldn't wonder if he doesn't finance Dad's business. He'll do something generous, I'll bet. We'll be Fifth Avenue folk yet."

"How you do talk!" Mrs. Munroe put in, but she was unable to resist the lure of the vision her daughter's words had inspired. "Dear old Bud," she cooed, "If he was a bit of a rebel, he was never tight-fisted. I give him credit for that. But \$20,000! No, I shouldn't say as much as that. I should be content if his discovery was worth half that amount."

Suddenly someone thought of

Molly O'Hearn. It was generally agreed that she ought to know. Maybe, under the altered circumstances, she'd reconsider her former rejection of the boy who had made love to her so impetuously and yet so hopelessly.

"I'll run along and tell her," said Stella.

It had indeed been a hopeless affair. Molly had been the only person who seemed able to command the high-spirited lad. A look from her large grey eyes had been enough to quell his rebellious temper. The combination of gentleness and firmness had proved effective where irritable scolding had utterly failed. And Bud, recognizing the wholesomeness of her influence, had loved her as he loved no one else.

"You'd make a man of me, Molly," he pleaded when, after a furious altercation with his father, he had turned to her for sympathy and plunged into a blundering avowal of his affection for her. "Sure, you'd tame me. 'Twouldn't be long before I'd be eating out of your hand."

The girl had laughed.

"I don't know that I want to tame you," she had said. "I like your fierce strength. But I would like it better if it were disciplined. You're wasting it, and wasting your life, too."

"But, Molly darling, you'll cure me of that."

"I wish I could think so," had been the quiet reply. "But I know you better than you know yourself. For a little while you'd be alright, but you'd soon break out again, and once you got the bit between your teeth it would be all up with my driving. You need a stronger master than I."

The boy had looked incredulous, and so she had gone on:

"You don't believe me, but it's true. Your kind of love isn't the kind of thing I'd like to bank on. If you were a Catholic it might be different. The Church would help me in keeping you in order. I can't undertake the job by myself."

It had been said so playfully, with such evident kindness and desire to avoid hurting that the wooer could do no less than take it in the same spirit. For all that, it broke the last link with respectability. Molly had been his anchor. Now that the cable between them had snapped the tide swiftly carried him out into the big world and he was speedily lost to view.

When she was told of the letter, Molly O'Hearn lifted her eyes to the visitor. A troubled look crept into them.

"So he's coming back a rich man?" she asked.

"Sure, and he'll be wanting to see you. Won't you come around?" Stella said.

"I—I don't think so," was the reply. "Better not open old wounds. Let him forget me."

"O-oh!" Stella exclaimed, "but he has made his fortune."

"I don't see that that makes any difference."

"He'll settle down now and become a respectable citizen."

"If he became like some 'respectable citizens' I might not love him any more for that."

This was beyond Stella's comprehension but she had to be content with the answer. After all, it was not her business to settle her brother's matrimonial affairs.

**BUD**, following close upon a telegram, stood at last in the doorway of his old home. To the relief of his relatives his attire recalled neither Charlie Chaplin or an Arctic explorer. His face was bronzed and he was thinner. His laugh was as hearty as ever.

The Munroes deserve credit for the restraint they imposed on their curiosity. They were burning to know the value of the "discovery" he had made but they allowed their greetings to take precedence of the questions they fain would have asked. When these were over they measured him up and down with their eyes.

"You look fit, boy," said his father with an approving smile.

"Where did you get that serious look?" the sister asked.

"How thin you've grown, Bud!" was his mother's comment.

"Yes, Mum," was the answer to this last remark. "I've been ill."

"You never told us. Was it a bad illness?" from Mrs. Munroe.

"Pretty bad. I got lost in the bush and broke a leg. I was nearly starved when they found me," the traveler vouchsafed.

"They? Who found you?" Stella, eager for romance, looked with new admiration at the returned ne'er-do-well.

"A priest with a couple of Indians came on me. They carried me back on their sleigh to the Mission from which they'd come. Then they

got a doctor, who set my leg. However, pneumonia set in and they thought I was a goner. But I pulled through—thanks to their nursing."

"Do you mean a Roman Catholic priest?" asked the Deacon. The approving look had somewhat faded.

"Yes, Dad. A fine chap! I owe him my life—and more. Wonderful the way he just lives for those Indians. Brainy, too. He knew how to treat me before the Doc turned up from Dawson." Suddenly he switched off. "Molly still around?" he asked.

"Yep," from his sister. Silence followed this laconic answer.

"I'm going to see her." He made for his hat.

"I wouldn't," said Stella.

"Why not?"

"Well I shouldn't. That's all. It won't do any good."

The hat dropped from his hand. "Oh, I see! Another feller running her. Like my luck!"

"No, there's no other fellow. But she'd rather not see you. Thinks it better not to reopen old wounds."

"Old wounds be —." Bud left the sentence unfinished. He had once more seized his hat. In another moment he was gone.

IT WAS a couple of hours before he returned. There was a strange glow in his eyes.

"We've fixed it up," he said. "Congratulate me."

The remark was addressed to his sister, the only one present.

"But she told me—" Stella began.

"She told you a lot of nonsense," her brother retorted. "It was my Discovery did the trick."

"Ah, your gold-mine!" Breathlessly, "Is it very valuable?"

"Gold-mine! Well, yes, in a sense, but not what you think. I've made a nice little pile—enough for Molly and me to get married on but nothing extraordinary."

"But you said—didn't you mean you'd found gold?"

"Yes, gold, sure enough — same sort Heaven's paved with." The weather-beaten face of the speaker had an amazingly radiant look.

"Don't tease me," Stella pleaded. "What d'you mean?"

"Well, Sis," came the slow, quiet reply, "it's the biggest event's ever happened to me. When I thought I was going to die all the things I'd done came back to me—the trouble I'd given Dad and other things. I wanted to confess them to someone

badly, but the priest—Father Reilly—said he couldn't hear my confession unless I was a Catholic. And then he explained what being a Catholic meant. It seemed simple common-sense the way he put it, so I told him to go ahead."

"What," in horror, "you became a Roman Catholic?"

"That's it. I've been a different nian since—better, I hope; certainly happier. And now that Molly's taken me on I'll be happier still. When she knew I'd discovered the Truth there wasn't any more difficulty."

"And so the Catholic Church is your Discovery?"

"You've said it," was the joyful answer.

A little cry escaped his questioner. She opened the door and called the rest of the household. They came drifting in from other parts of the house. Stella pointed at the Prodigal.

"He hasn't made a fortune at all," she exclaimed. "What he meant in

his letter was that he'd become a Roman Catholic, and when he wrote about taking up the little claim he'd pegged out, he was thinking of Molly."

For fully half a minute silence reigned in the Monroe household. Then George sniggered audibly and Mrs. Munroe's sobs became distressing. "Oh, Bud," she said when she had sufficiently recovered herself, "and I thought you were going to give us such a good time. Why have you disgraced us once more?"

But the old Deacon put his hand on his son's shoulder and said, "My boy, I was born and bred a Protestant; it's the religion I'm used to and I'm too old to change. But I'd like to say that I reckon your Discovery's a better thing than what we thought it was." And, turning to the rest of his family, the old man added.

"He's made his fortune alright, and Molly'll help him to keep it. Let's go to bed!"

## The Sepulchre

By MATTHEW RICHARDSON

THEY laid Him in the tomb,  
A new tomb in the garden,  
By this moon, the first moon of Spring;  
In the cold dank gloom  
Laid a hopeless burden  
And went away, whispering.

O trees, O flowers,  
You did not falter,  
You grew and greened in the calm  
And told rapt hours  
Before the couch-altar  
With prayers of nard and balm:

Bluebell and violet,  
Iris and lily  
And crocus and faint wind flowers;  
Myrtle and alkanet,  
Daffadowndilly  
And almond blossom in showers.

But the darkness bloomed,  
The star-tree burgeoned  
And stooped to the garden-close,  
When the Lord entombed,  
The Lord resurgent  
The Lord of the garden arose.

To you, the first eyes  
That beheld Him arisen,  
He gave a still small voice;  
And now you arise  
From your tomblike prison,  
And call, *Rejoice, Rejoice.*



# Our Lady of Perpetual Help

## REASONS FOR UNSELFISH DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED MOTHER

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

**S**ELFISHNESS is so rooted in the human heart that many allow it the chief place even in their worship of God. There are many people who never praise God either for what He is in Himself or for what He has done. They never offer to Him "the sacrifice of praise,"—that outpouring of a heart confessing with joyful lips the sovereign greatness, goodness, holiness, power of the most high God. Nor are they animated by the spirit which acknowledges that "it is truly meet and just, right and availing unto salvation that we should at all times and in all places give thanks to the Father Almighty, the everlasting God." They express no gratitude for the life He has given them, the food that they eat, the sun that warms them and lights their way, the sleep that restores their bodily strength. All their prayers consist in asking God for temporal blessings. It is not surprising then that the same spirit predominates in their devotion to our Lady. They turn to her only as to a powerful Advocate. They honor her only at those shrines and under those titles that reveal her power to grant favors. Seldom, if ever, are they found looking with compassionate eyes on the image of our Lady of Sorrows.

It is difficult to see how anyone can have a true devotion to her or pray to her with any degree of confidence without taking this title of hers under consideration. All other titles were conferred on her by God Who delights to exalt "the lowliness of His handmaiden" and to do great things for her. They all show the power He has given her to help us. But our Lady herself chose to become the Mother of Sorrows—a title that reveals her love for us, her willingness to use that power in our favor. Power alone is a fearful thing and it repels the timid unless it is accompanied by that love which inspires confidence. It is because Mary became our Lady of Sorrows that she is and always will be Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

Even those then who are animated by a more or less selfish spirit, who are moved only by motives of per-

sonal gain in their devotion to her, cannot afford to lay aside the consideration of her sorrows. Everything that Mary is—all her high prerogatives, described in such glowing terms by Saints and theologians—dates from the moment that she consented to become the Mother of God. At that moment God truly waited on her consent, for He forces grace on no one. He waited while Mary took in with her sinless mind the full significance of the grace offered to her. She was asked to become the Mother of the Incarnate God; she was to "Call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

How He was to save His people was surely more immediately understood by the Queen of Prophets than it was by those who through long centuries foretold the sufferings of the Redeemer of Israel. The Man of Sorrows, wounded and bruised, despised and the most abject of men, Who was to appear more like a leper and as one struck by God and afflicted, was no other than the Son Who was to be born of her. In less time than it would take us to read all the predictions of the prophets, Mary, who was familiar with them all, grasped the meaning of the angel's message. With a clarity of mind and a fullness of consent that excluded any selfish consideration, she said: "Be it done unto me according to thy word!"

But to act intelligently there must be a motive. What influenced her in a choice so full of grief, so repugnant to nature? God alone filled her mind and occupied her heart and satisfied her soul. It was His Will, His eternal purpose, and so with all the ardor of her sinless soul she gave herself to its accomplishment. At the same time she knew *better than St. Paul* that it was God's eternal purpose that we should have redemption, the remission of our sins through the Blood of His Beloved Son. Our misery was before her, our need, our hopeless condition. Without the shedding of His Blood there was no hope for us in this world, no happi-

ness in the next. The compassionate Heart of Mary was touched by our plight. Pity moved her to help us and charity caused her to do so. In one swift act of love for God and man expressed in one brief sentence she signified her consent to cooperate in the work of Redemption. The two-edged sword of love entered her heart and divided it. All her sorrows, all the pains of her long martyrdom were but the turning of that sword and the consequent rending of the most tender feelings of her maternal heart.

On the one side was her love of Jesus, the most beautiful, her treasure, her life, her all. On the other was her love of us, outcasts from the Father's house, clothed only in the filthy and torn garment which was once the robe of original Justice. Calm language cannot depict the contrast. No words can describe the contrast as Mary saw it. It was clear to her mind at the Annunciation; it grew under the caresses she lavished on her Child at Bethlehem; it stabbed her to the heart as she bowed her head under the prophetic words of Simeon in the Temple; it was a specter of unutterable horror that pursued her all the way to Egypt; it made the three days and nights of her search for Him through Jerusalem contain some of the indescribable misery that is called eternal loss.

**T**Hese things she experienced in the early days of her life-long sorrow when we might believe that Jesus filled her whole life, when He engaged all her thoughts, when, so to speak, the thought of us was less explicit. The sword was there but the edge that pierced and wounded her was the love of Jesus—the same, though immeasurably greater, which caused so many Saints to express their ecstatic love in terms of exquisite pain. Had all the children of Adam inherited original justice from a sinless father, they could not have taken the place of her one and only Jesus. Between us in the ragged raiment of a fallen father and the incarnate God, her Son, in the seamless robe of perfect Humanity woven from her virginal flesh, there was a

contrast that words cannot describe.

If sinless man presented to her an image infinitely removed from the perfection of her Son, what language can give even a feeble idea of the contrast between sinful man and her sinless Son! In happy contemplation of His unfolding human perfections during the uneventful years at Nazareth, in beholding the gradual manifestation of His Divinity during the public life, the contrast widened into an immeasurable abyss, so much so that we wonder—we, without her knowledge or love—how her mind could bridge a chasm so wide. And yet the love of Mary extended across this gulf and embraced with more than motherly affection poor fallen man. She never wavered from the consent given to God through the Angel, that her Son should be sacrificed to save His people from their sins. And as she had grown to love Jesus as no other creature ever could, so much the sharper was the sword in her heart.

**B**UT there was another edge to that sword—her love for man. We have till now considered him merely as an unfortunate one, an outcast from paradise, the unhappy inheritor of a father's guilt. Living in the ragged poverty of spiritual destitution, he was such as well might cause the sinless Heart of Mary to feel the sharp pang of pity. To think of her as willing to sacrifice her only Son for such a one reveals to us a love that is more than heroic.

Man was no mere unfortunate, "for the imagination and the thought of man's heart are *prone to evil* from his youth." The wickedness of the human heart and all the works of evil which man has wrought, who can know but the omniscient God alone? But it was Mary's unhappy lot to be present at the unveiling of that heart when it perpetrated the crime that must have inspired horror even in Hell. During the Passion of her Son she saw the heart of man in all its naked ugliness, the depth of its malice, the height of its pride. Hypocrisy and spiritual conceit, treacherous betrayal and cowardly denial, lying injustice and savage cruelty, coarse mockery and brutal indifference, absence of gratitude and lack of pity, hardened sensuality and frigid worldliness—all the evil in man's nature, coiled together, struck with the fury of a serpent at her Son. It fastened on Him, enfolded Him,

dragged Him down, and crushed Him to death. What must have been Mary's feelings as she looked on this terrible spectacle of unbridled passion!

Does the keen edge of compassion for man still urge her to help him? Is any mother's heart capable of such fortitude as to bear the sight of her son's murderer? Is there a creature possessed of such divine charity? The answer is inspired by the Spirit of Truth: "And there stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother." The edge of the sword, which was her love for man, was turned and twisted in her heart; it was plunged deeper and cut into the innermost recesses of maternal affection, but through it all she stood by the Cross, the altar of her sacrifice, completing the offering she had made in the beginning. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to thy word!" She chose to become our Lady of Sorrows that we might "draw waters with joy from the Savior's fountains." She wanted us to know something of that which she experienced when she said: "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior."

That is what all should remember who kneel at the Shrine of Mary seeking her intercession. Here is the deep, firm, wide foundation of confidence. Mary loved and pitied fallen man; she chose bitter woe and piercing pain that the endless Mercy of God might reach him through His incarnate Son, raise him up and clothe him anew in the shining garments of grace. So great a love burned in the Heart of Mary that even the seething passions of men, raging like the billows of a tempestu-

ous sea against her Son, failed to extinguish it. "Many waters cannot quench charity neither can the floods drown it." If she had never set foot on the soil of France, never worked a miracle at Lourdes; if her celebrated shrines showed no token of answered prayer, possessed no *ex-voto* acknowledgment of her power; if God had not so exalted His humble handmaiden as to glorify her before the world by so many marvels, men would still kneel at her feet, confident that such love could somehow, by some power inherent in love itself, find a way to come to their assistance and relieve their distress. The love for us that made her our Lady of Sorrows, a love so unselfish and so heroic, so prompt and so enduring, declares her to be now and always, while the world lasts and men are in need—Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

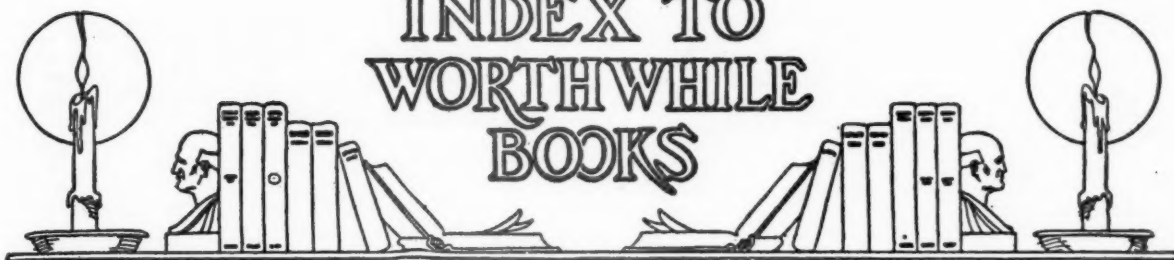
**I**F men seek relief at the Shrines where she dispenses her favors with a liberal hand and maternal affection, they should pause, however briefly, before the image of the transpierced Heart of Mary. Present need should not urge them on in a selfish way so as to forget her grief. The favor they seek cannot be compared to what Mary has already given when she offered the Joy of her heart on the altar of the Cross. To delay there awhile in grateful remembrance, to utter some heart-felt words of gratitude, will lead them to present their petitions with confidence. And whether Mary grants them or not, they will know that both the giving and the refusal can only come from love.

### *Mater Dolorosa*

By ARMEL O'CONNOR

**S**HE prayed and worked about the house, and read The Scriptures; and at eve would take her rest. Serene she was. The neighbors never guessed The cries withheld, the wounds that inward bled. Her wounds and mastered cries, her tears unshed Were known to God. Always she spent the zest Of faith on others, knowing she was blest And happy in the souls she comforted. I learned her secret from my tutor, Pain, Dictator of man's bravest acts and speech— Learning through sorrow something more of joy. Great desolation . . . courage in its train . . . And pity . . . You, the Crucified, still teach What she was wont to welcome and employ.

# INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE MAY BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

**KING SPIDER.** By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. New York, Coward-McCann. Price: \$5.00.

Strictly speaking, *KING SPIDER* is not a biography. The subtitle rather curtly informs us of this when it says, "Some Aspects of Louis XI of France and His Companions," and Mr. Lewis declares the same emphatically and more at length in his prefatory note. Yet, doubtless, such a book gives one an even clearer and more true picture of the monarch known as The Spider King than would any orthodox biography.

Mr. Lewis possesses a vivid directness, a clarity, and an accurateness that are decidedly refreshing and convincing. When he writes of French life in the later Middle Ages he has few peers. His glorious "Francois Villon" is indeed ample proof of that.

The graphic pen portrait of Louis XI in the opening chapter is splendid. One would think that the author actually had a personal acquaintance with the man he is describing. A few deft strokes and there he stands—his character, his habits, his personal appearance all in detail; his very soul almost stripped bare. However, it is not one of those popular "debunking" processes.

The author begins by telling us that around the name of Louis XI there hangs a "stale stink of the theatre, a wondrous legend of melodrama." From a huge mass of evidence his actual character emerges. "He was no hero. He was a bad son. . . . He treated his first wife villainously. . . . He hated Scotsmen generally. . . . He trusted few men and had no mercy for traitors. But . . . the melodramatic cruelties on which the Romantics batted became strangely diminished in the cold light of examination. Personally he was brave as a lion. . . . His sexual life was strangely chaste for a monarch of any period. . . . His passion, his devouring life passion, was the Realm of France . . . the passion of the French peasant for his soil, *la terre*. . . . Louis XI, the medieval, knew all there is to know about efficiency; the value and the power of money. . . . His activity is dynamic and perpetual . . .

and his sense of the value of commerce keen and developed. . . . His almost single pleasure is hunting. . . . And his religion . . . here again the peasant in him is revealed. . . . He had a great absorbing fear of death . . . but . . . he met it calmly, courageously, without a whimper." After reading the author's masterful sketch of Louis XI, one is forced to exclaim in the closing words of the chapter: "Everything considered, this was a King."

It is all like some gorgeous medieval tapestry suddenly stirred to life. Across the pages of this book move all the storied figures of that glamorous period, with Louis XI of France, the Spider King, holding the central place, surrounded by his three oddly mixed confidants, a barber, a cardinal, and a hermit.

For the true picture of the times which it gives, this book is undoubtedly better than "Francois Villon." For while the latter dealt mostly with the demi-monde and its denizens, *KING SPIDER* embraces all late medieval France and Frenchmen. Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis has once more scored with a biography that is vital, true, full of information and wholly absorbing.

**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE DESTITUTE.** By John O'Grady. New York, The Macmillan Co. Price: \$1.00.

This book is built about the thesis that there was no real charity in the world before the coming of Christ. In contradistinction to this assertion stands the doctrine of individualism which is receiving such a vogue at the present time. Individualism can do without charity; in point of fact it is the very antithesis of charity. Leaders of industry as a rule are supreme egotists; they lead their lives as singly as possible. In some cases after they have amassed a fortune, they promote educational or philanthropic causes.

Catholic organized charities are Evangelical in the strict meaning of the word, for they follow exactly the scheme set down by Christ Himself: "For I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was

thirsty and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger and you took Me in; sick and you visited Me; I was in prison and you came to Me." Reducing this sublime pledge to an almost irreverent practicality, Father O'Grady says that the words: "I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink," mean nothing more or less than supplying the community with a pure water and milk supply, the basis of any program of public health. In like manner he treats the remaining texts.

Systemized charity that flourished during the Middle Ages, consisting chiefly of workingmen's guilds and hospitals, was thrown into a state of chaos by the Reformation. The dignity of work was no longer emphasized; the duty of work was no longer preached. An enervating doctrine of "faith alone" completely dried up the well-spring of Christian charity. It was not a far cry from religious teaching to economic belief. "Under the Papacy," says Luther, "people were charitable and gave gladly, but now under the dispensation of the Gospel nobody gives any longer."

In a later age Catholic charities had their revival through the instrumentality of St. Vincent de Paul. His answer to the revolting conditions then obtaining among the French peasants and galley slaves was the establishment of the Daughters of Charity. The tremendous accomplishments of these angels of mercy, who now number forty thousand, await their telling by some future biographer.

"Catholic charity is the priesthood of the laity." With such a beautiful sentiment the author shows us another facet of Christianity in action. Quoting from the Holy Father's encyclical on "Catholic Lay Action," he shows us that this tenet has for its foundation the authority of the Church. Organized charitable bureaus in every parish, controlled by laymen—that is his ideal; and a very good one it is indeed.

It must be said that the book was not written with an eye to literary grace—and it is probably better so; it is a litany of hard facts, written by a Professor of Sociology at the Catholic University, who is highly conversant with his sub-



ject. **THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE DESTITUTE** is a valuable contribution to The Calvert Series.

Mr. Belloc, the general editor of the Series, in a penetrating foreword leaps to the very center of the point at issue, to wit, the insecure economic condition of the bulk of the people today. If there were employment for all there would be no necessity for charitable asylums and associations. With his wonted unconventionality he establishes the organized Medieval parish as an ideal economic system, and condemns the present state of industrialism which can reduce great numbers of its employees to destitution at its arbitrary bidding. If Catholic culture once more pervades the world the inherent right of the man in the street to a living wage will revive. On the other hand if there is a return to Paganism the social condition will be as readily solved, but in a far different manner, namely, the reestablishment of the normal state of slavery.

**THE MASS OF THE APOSTLES**, by Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. \$2.75.

The history of the Mass and the Holy Eucharist is not the history of one age; it has filled every one of the world's epochs with its power and in each of them it has been the treasured charge of the Church and the life of the Christian soul. A great deal has been written at the present day about the Mass, its history and development, but it seems to have remained for Father Husslein to give us the best picture of the earliest days of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. He delves deep into antiquity and with a life-giving touch clothes the dryest of facts with such a glowing and vibrant energy that the reader is made to dwell in those far off times instead of merely reading about them. This is the Author's intention, as he states in the Introduction; "The aim has been to vitalize the past, to make it live again before us in all its intense actuality." And again, "To study the Divine Sacrifice as offered in the days of the Apostles, our feet are set on the streets of ancient Jerusalem, and we follow the early converts as they hurry toward the house of Mary, the mother of Mark, where with them we are present at the Eucharistic Service presided over by the Prince of the Apostles, St. Peter."

From the Supper Room, which witnessed the passing of the Old Covenant and the establishment of the New, Father Husslein leads this Eucharistic pilgrimage on through Emmaus, the Masses of St. Peter and St. Paul, the services of the Christianized Synagogues, out into post-Apostolic times, even as far as the days of the Catacombs. The Scriptures are made to give

up their secrets, the writings of the Apostles and early Fathers are exposed in all their vigor and beauty, while the simple impressiveness of the ceremonies that accompany the "Breaking of Bread," is actually felt. Then, too, we are shown the lapsing Christians denying their Sacramental Lord under pressure of persecution; others, indeed, who find their sole strength to remain faithful in professing the Eucharistic Presence. The author conducts us to those underground chapels, hiding places for the hunted Christians, wherein they leave to posterity a record of their faith in the mystic Eucharistic symbols adorning the walls.

This book comes at an opportune time, when a better knowledge and love for the Sacred Liturgy is being stirred up among the faithful. Its perusal will increase personal Eucharistic knowledge and zeal and provide an intelligent foundation for true devotion to the Holy Mass. There are no theological terms, or discussions to confuse the reader, no controversy to annoy.

The style of the book is singularly charming, worthy in every way of the sublime subject treated. Contemporary literature, whether sacred or profane, can offer no finer piece of prose than the chapter portraying the Mass of Saint Peter. It is thrilling, superb. Gems of prose abound in all the other sections also. The whole is absorbingly interesting.

Heroic efforts must have accompanied a research into antiquity, especially as regards so sacred a subject in which accuracy and truth are most essential. But it was a labor of love. The eminent author would have us read it in the same spirit, that it might contribute toward the accomplishment of its sole subject, "To bring the world ever nearer to its Eucharistic God."

**MOTHER MARY OF THE PASSION**, by Thomas F. Cullen, Procure for Foreign Missions, Providence, R. I.

The thrilling story of the life and labors of Mother Mary of the Passion is living proof of the axiom that "from a tiny spark cometh a great flame." From the spark of zeal for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom on earth, burning brightly in the heart of this heroic woman, has come the glorious flame of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.

Born of noble and aristocratic lineage in storied Brittany, and heir to the dogged faith and childlike piety of the Breton, Helen de Chappotin, early in life gave unmistakable signs of the future sanctity and tireless zeal that were to be hers. Even as a child she gave herself over to the practice of severe penance and works of piety, vowing that

she would become a missionary when she grew up.

At the age of twenty-one she entered the Poor Clares, but was forced to leave because of poor health. Some time later she joined the Institute of Marie Reparatrice and was sent to India. Here she conceived the idea of founding a new missionary congregation. She received the approbation of the Holy Father, and in 1880 opened the first novitiate in her native Brittany. From this humble beginning emerged the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, spreading over the entire world, even to its remotest and most barbaric corners.

It is an amazing story. The reader fairly gasps upon beholding the gigantic accomplishments and labors of one frail woman. It is edifying, inspiring, and interesting in the extreme. We recommend it heartily as a distinct contribution to the growing list of mission literature.

**THE RED FOG**, by B. Busch and L. R. Maxwell, Washington, D. C., National Patriotic League. \$1.25.

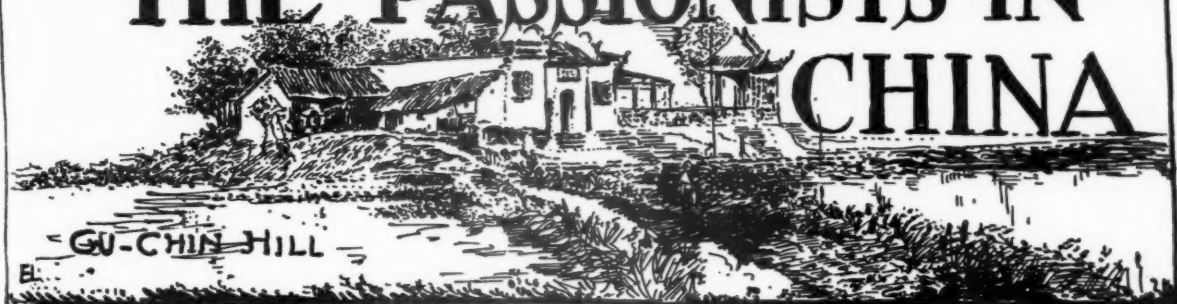
Coming as it does, just at the moment when our larger cities are experiencing rather severe communistic uprisings, this little volume is singularly appropriate.

Its avowed purpose as stated in the Foreword, is to help the patriotically purblind American people to pierce beyond this slowly rising fog of socialism and perceive the "far flung Red flag, with its sickle, hammer and star, a flag as red as the blood of its dupes and victims, which they plan shall flow in the streets of America, as it did in Russia, to cleanse America of its capitalistic government while they, the avengers, become dictators for the proletariat."

This the authors proceed to do in language that is at once fearless, direct, authoritative, and convincing. Marshalling an array of astounding and wholly surprising facts they place them down that all may read. The alarming growth of the Communist Children's Groups with their blasphemous hymns, their Anthology of Poems, and their weekly newspaper, is graphically traced. The Y. M. C. A. is indicted for preaching Socialism, Communism, and Sexology. The activities and doctrines of the defrocked Bishop Brown, now national chairman of the Workers' International, are truthfully and impassionately set forth. The conspiracy to make the colleges and universities of the nation "pipe lines for propaganda" is completely exposed.

All of which, and much more, makes interesting if startling reading. The book is small, a scant hundred pages. One would wish that the price were a bit lower, in order that the circulation might be greater, a thing most desirable.

# THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



## Letters From Our Missionaries A Stay at Kienyang and Ankiang Missions

**I**ATELY, I was privileged to be in temporary charge of the "Mission of the Agonizing Christ of Limpas," at Kienyang and of its outstation at Ankiang. Ankiang Mission Station is some thirty miles away from Kienyang.

It was at Kienyang that good Father Clement Seybold, C.P., spent the greater part of his missionary career in China. It was also when Father Clement was escorting Father Godfrey Holbein C.P., and Father Walter Coveyou, C.P., to Kienyang Mission, via Yuanchow, that the three Fathers were cruelly shot by bandits last April. Father Walter and Father Godfrey were on their way to take charge at Kienyang, when they were called home to Heaven to give an account of their stewardship. So, the people of Kienyang Mission reason correctly when they claim the three Fathers for their very own.

It was with the cry "Privilege" ringing in my ears, echoing from the mountain tops, that I made the thirty mile mountainous trip from Yuanchow to Kienyang to take temporary charge of the Kienyang Mission and its outstation at Ankiang. The thought uppermost in my mind was "indeed I am privileged to be allowed to work, even for ever so brief a time, at the Mission for which these holy priests lived and died." The stamp of the capable and holy direction of

By JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C.P.

good Father Clement, who lived there for so long a time, is still on this mission. As I rode into Kienyang that day some months ago, I hoped to find some evidence of the graces won for Christianity at Kienyang by the three Fathers who undoubtedly

are as interested in it in Heaven as they were on earth. The sequel will prove that I was no dreamer.

But, first let me tell of my few weeks of ministration in the city of Kienyang itself and then of my ten day stay at the outmission at Ankiang.

Upon my arrival at Kienyang, I was almost immediately engaged on a sick call. It was the case of a poor woman named Angela, whose birthplace was in the town of Lungtan. As a young girl just over ten years of age, she had been led away, kidnapped by an elderly woman, and sold to a family then living in Kienyang. When she grew up to a marriageable age, she became the concubine (or, as the Chinese say, "small wife") of the man who had bought her from the kidnapper. Her husband was a poor man and it was, perhaps, because of his poverty that in time of one of the frequent famines, he found himself begging for a little rice at the Mission door at Kienyang. Afterwards he came to listen to the doctrines of the Church, and he and his "principal wife" sought admittance to the font of Baptism. He was told of his obligation to get rid of the then unbaptized woman of whom we are writing. He willingly obeyed. So this "small wife" was sent away. However, it was not very long before a suitable marriage was arranged and so this "small wife" was baptized and re-



MARY HSIANG, 78 YEARS OLD, A CHRISTIAN WHO COMES FIVE MILES TO MASS REGULARLY.



FATHER NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P., IN THE HOME OF A CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

ceived the name "Angela" in Baptism. Her husband was a Catholic. But he did not live long after his marriage. The story of his sudden death by drowning as he was washing the mules of the Kienyang Mission in the Yuan River, has been told most interestingly by Father Quentin Olwell, C.P., who was Missionary at Kienyang at that time.

After her husband's death, she and her baby boy were cared for by the Mission at Kienyang, as she did not marry again and was in the direst poverty by the death of her husband. It was only a few weeks before her death, that she requested to be allowed to leave the mission for a time together with her baby boy. It was a strange disposition of Providence which permitted Angela to be most inconveniently distant from the Mission at the last hour.

Up in the mountains some ten miles from Kienyang along almost impossible roads she made her way to the house of a relative of her deceased husband, little thinking that that would be her last trudging along these hard country roads of China. She was taken sick during the epidemic then prevalent, but her case seemed to be a mild one, and though the priest then in charge visited her, it was not thought necessary to administer the Last Rites of Holy Mother Church over the sick.

I was at Kienyang only a day or so, when a "runner" came rushing into the Mission, breathless, telling that Angela was dying. In a heavy downpour of rain, I was soon on my way over a road which is hard enough travelling in sunny weather. I realized that in the mud it was impossible for me to make any headway by walking, so I rode the full distance on my mule, Dolly, and though I lost my hat several times in the branches of trees which hung over the so-called road, and tore my clothes several times in the overhanging brambles and thorn bushes, and had many narrow escapes from falls by the mule's failing to get a firm footing on the muddy cowpaths, yet I arrived unhurt and, I must admit, happy to be privileged to come to the aid of a dying Christian.

But soon my happiness was turned to sorrow. I was ushered into the room where Angela lay on the poor straw bed. It was too late, Angela was not there, her soul had already flown off to keep vigil with the angels whose name she bore. I judged that she had been dead a good while, but I was told that it was only a short half hour before I arrived that she breathed her last. I did what I could and the Christians who came with me joined fervently in prayer for her departed soul.

I then prepared to return to the

Mission at Kienyang but was reminded of my obligation to look out for the welfare of Angela's baby boy, when alas! I heard the by-standers tell how sad it was—her husband drowned a year or two before, her baby boy dead and buried a few days before, and now Angela gone also. A Christian family, one of the surest ways to build up a strong Christianity taken away in so short a time. I could not help being startled and inquired further, fearing I had misunderstood the bystanders. But it was too true, the relative of Angela's pointed out to me the place where Angela's child had been buried only the day before, a child of two years or so. I could not help saying: "how incomprehensible the judgments of God"! "what a strange Providence"! the while I knew that He Who provides so lovingly for beasts of the fields and birds of the air, had also provided lovingly for his children, even if in the wilds of the Kienyang Mountain tops.

I was sad as I returned to Kienyang, and the rain seemed to keep me sad as it continued to come down in torrents. I was still sad until the Missioner who had visited Angela in the early stages of her sickness came back to Kienyang and consoled me, telling me that he had heard her Confession on his recent visit to Angela, but had not administered the other Sacraments as she was then up and about the house apparently not very sick.

I had no sooner returned from this sick call when I was called upon daily to visit other sick Christians. There was an epidemic in the district and many died during it.

In the cases of some of these sick people it was not necessary to administer the Sacraments, but it afforded me an excellent opportunity to witness the consolation the visit of the priest brought to the sick and to their relatives. It made me also see the more than ordinary faith of the dear Christians and I could not help thinking of the fine work accomplished by the priests who were in Kienyang before me and of the three Fathers who gave their lives that these might live by Faith. Those who were not so seriously sick were most insistent that I come often to see them and read over them the ritual prayers of Holy Mother Church for the sick and impart the blessing.

Of all the Christians who were taken sick, only one died and that



one, a dear old lady, a Catechumen who was singularly blessed to receive Baptism before her death. They called her Mary. Her daughter and her daughter's children had all entered the Church and those of them who had not yet been baptized were being prepared for Baptism on the Feast Day, then approaching. It was edifying, indeed, to see the faith of these relatives of this old lady, and their fervor in begging that she be baptized. The favor was granted and the day after her Baptism, Mary died. The Christians of Kienyang for two or three days gathered at the house of this dear departed old lady, offering such numerous prayers, Rosaries, Stations of the Cross, Litanies and Prayers for the dead, in the presence of the corpse, incased in a giant Chinese log coffin, such numerous prayers I say, that we of a different clime (but of the same grand consoling Faith) would tire of it, before a fourth part of them were recited. I visited the house of the deceased and the Crucifix and candles were placed on the table near the coffin while the usual Liturgical prayers were read. Following, the Christians recited their own prayers in Chinese which are taken from the Ritual of the Holy Church, and when their prayers were over, till the next half hour gave them breathing time, I sat with them in the room adjoining that in which the corpse lay in the great tree coffin. Stories were told, words of doctrine intermingled, but not before the daughter of the deceased had seen to it that the customary friendly cup of warm green tea was most politely offered me and a warm fire placed at my feet. The scene about the large open fire in the large open house made me realize that these poor people certainly do live even in the winter time, practically outdoors, even in their homes, which are nothing but poor shacks. There were doors and windows, of course, but these were scarcely ever closed; the wind could come in, anyway, through the rafters.

They offered cigarettes to me, although the usual custom is to offer the Chinese Water-Pipe. Indeed there were five or six of these in constant use by the Christians during the intervals between the numerous prayers. I could not help thinking of the good old Irish wakes in the good old U. S. A., at which I had been present on a few occasions, when some such one as Shamess O'Brennan or Der-

mot O'Connor were waked after the manner of the Irish. Here as I sat listening to and joining in the prayers and the smoking and story-telling and doctrines talk, I could not help reflecting that it is surely a grand old Faith that unites mankind in one great family—the Holy Roman Catholic Faith!

For two or three days the vigils continued, and then the corpse was brought at early morn to the Mission church for the funeral, Mass and Obsequies. The coffin was carried on great bamboo poles by eight or ten men to the cemetery some three or four miles out in the country, where now a small figure of a cross tells the passerby that the grave marks the spot where Mary lies buried.

After some weeks' stay at Kienyang City at the Central Mission, I made my way in a boat down the Yuan River to the outstation of Ankiang. It was just nightfall when our little Chinese boat reached Ankiang, a small town situated on the side of the Yuan River thirty miles below Kienyang (which is also situated on the river but on the opposite side from Ankiang).

As I went ashore, making directly for the Mission, I heard the Christians' greetings with the setting off of numerous firecrackers. There was quite a crowd of them, some thirty or forty in all, and before I knew it

they were helping to carry my valises and bedding to the Mission.

It is well here to recall that the Mission at Ankiang has only been opened about half a year. The first Masses were said there by Fathers Quentin and Clement. Father Clement was on his way to the annual retreat, (from which he never returned safely) when Father Quentin, the Missioner of Kienyang at that time, was going to open the Mission at Ankiang. I was told this by the catechist now stationed at Kienyang, a certain Damien Lee.

I may as well mention here that the Christians at Kienyang and at Ankiang were most sad in their loss of dear Father Clement. The memory of his stay at Ankiang just before his death will not be forgotten by the fervent Christians. I overheard them once speaking with admiration of Father Clement as a man of prayer, a most even and pleasing disposition, with perfect self-control under provocation.

Arrived at the Mission, the Christians began the recitation of their Evening Prayer, and when it was ended I grasped the opportunity to preach at some length as there were many assembled at the mission. Besides the Christians there were both possible catchmens and curious on-lookers. The Catechist then had plenty of guests to entertain upon



TWO BUDDHIST NUNS (?) AT PAOTSING. THE ELDER HAS BEEN IN THE TEMPLE FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. THEY ARE GOING TO SEND ONE OF THE BUDDHIST MONKS TO CONVERT OUR MISSIONARIES AT WANGTSUN MISSION!



MARKET PLACE IN A TEMPLE YARD IN PEKING, CHINA.

finishing my exhortation, and I was given a few moments to rest before the Christians would come into my office individually to greet the priest.

The interval between the opening of the Mission and my visit there was no more than six or seven months. Yet at the Daily Mass and evening prayers with Doctrine there were at least thirty present. On many occasions during my ten day stay, there were as many as fifty, and on the occasion of a feast day the setting off of firecrackers brought a crowd that numbered a hundred or more.

True, there had been only one baptized Christian so far. Of course, the Catechist and his family are not reckoned. They had been baptized years before.

The story of Luke Yao who had been baptized during his mortal illness is known far and wide. Father Gregory was then in charge at Kienyang Mission and attended the sick young man, who is close to twenty years of age. This young man had been a good Catechumen and his brother and sister and mother were fairly interested in our Holy Religion. He was taken ill during the epidemic that swept this part of our Prefecture. As the Chinese do it, the death shroud was already prepared and lying by his side on the bed. Father Gregory happened at the time to be

at Ngan Kiang, and knowing that the lad was well enough instructed and a fervent catechumen, he baptized him. Shortly after he was in what looked like the death agony, and in his sufferings he pressed to his lips the holy Crucifix. Slowly he began to grow slightly better and there was hope of his recovery. When I went to Ankiang he was still too sick to rise from bed, but was deeply grateful for my visits and during one of them asked if there was not some foreign medicine that would rid him of the awful fever he still endured. I administered some quinine and took care of him for a few days, and before my stay at Ankiang was over the youth was so far recovered that he was soon able to get out of bed. I was pleased to see him come to Kienyang a month later very well and quite stout, but above all more stout hearted still in his faith in Holy Church and in his admiration for and love of the Faith imparted to him in Baptism. I noticed that there was a black-and-blue mark over all the skin covering his right eye. I asked him if it hurt and how it came to be. He told me then that the good Lord had granted him a mark whereby to remember that his cure from the mortal illness was granted by the Lord Himself, and he said the mark does not hurt him in the least. The Chinese

standing by when I questioned Luke Yao were startled to hear that there was no pain for they thought there should be pain with the skin over the eye so bruised. The lad is now studying doctrine at Kienyang, the Central Mission.

The cure of this lad has meant much to the people of Ankiang, who see in it a miracle. The faith of the catechumens has been strengthened because Luke refused firmly to let his uncle hire Chinese Bonzes of superstitious practices to read their incantations over him. He called in the priest and has recovered. Many a one at Ankiang who would not otherwise have heard of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, has come to hear of it through the recovery of Luke Yao. This is especially remarkable to them as so many other relatives and neighbors had spent plenty of money to Chinese pagan Bonzes to read over their sick the prayers to idols and to Satan, during the time of the epidemic, and the ones so treated by those Bonzes all died. As a result of Luke's cure his relatives are most fervent in their desire for Baptism and some of them are already preparing for it in the Catechumenate at Kienyang. Can we be wrong in thinking that this providential recovery of Luke is a blessing of good

Father Clement and Fathers Godfrey and Walter?

In spite of this evident blessing of God, the Faith has not yet reached many of the old pagans of Ankiang. During the time I was in Ankiang there was no meat to be bought as the town was keeping a pagan fast, using only a vegetable-rice diet. Moreover, no fish, eggs, or lard were allowed to be used. There were also the immoral Chinese plays and processions for the observance of which, I was told, the people of the town contributed the sum of about five thousand Chinese dollars. But the truth is, I believe, that a thousand

or two was used for the celebration and superstitions.

In the face of such paganism it was good for me to remember that there were a chosen few who were to be by Baptism the children of God. Already Luke Yao was numbered among those souls washed in the Blood of the Saviour and from being a slave of Satan and of Superstition, like so many in Ankiang, Luke had been made a Child of God. And for that one soul we hope that God will have mercy on so superstitious a town as Ankiang, and the blessing of the three Fathers, whom the Catechumens at Ankiang also

reckon as their very own, will come down on the people there, so many of whom, though really religiously minded, are on the wrong road, and that road does not lead to Heaven. Will the readers of *THE SIGN* remember especially in their kind prayers the conversion of Ankiang and obtain for Ankiang Mission and for Holy Church steadfast Christians like Luke and his relatives who give promise of being most fervent Catholics?

In return they may be sure that we shall never forget them in our daily Mass.

## The Lay Apostolate in China

AS EXEMPLIFIED BY ZEALOUS MR. LO PAO HUNG

**W**HILE in Shanghai I visited the Rev. Father Jansen, Procurator of the Franciscans and there had the pleasure of being introduced to one of the foremost workers of the Lay-Apostolate in the Orient, Mr. Lo Pao Hung.

Mr. Lo invited me to say Mass for his community at St. Joseph's Institute, and the next morning, after a drive through the foreign concessions, we entered the Chinese City. The streets were narrow and crooked, and crowded with rickshas, forcing us to wind our way through little thoroughfares.

When we reached the gate of St. Joseph's, a loud bell was tolling, announcing the hour for Mass. Mr. Lo served Mass devoutly and received Holy Communion. After his thanksgiving, we took breakfast together. He appeared pressed for time, and said, "I must be at the prison today at nine o'clock. Would you like to come with me?" He had referred to an execution of brigands, or hold up men, and earnestly requested a special prayer that they would accept the Faith before their deaths. His whole manner clearly revealed the supernatural motive that prompts him in all his works of Charity.

Before starting for the execution we went through part of St. Joseph's Institute where each year over two thousand are baptized. In the foundling room ten empty cribs told

By MICHAEL ANTHONY CAMPBELL, C.P.

of ten little Angels in Heaven, and judging from the tiny emaciated faces of the rest, many others would soon follow them. In the elderly men's ward Mr. Lo requested I impart my

blessing, and likewise in the invalids' dormitory, in which were over 100 bedridden men.

As we drove along the country roads towards the Zao-Woa-Ching prison, in the distance above the trees I noticed the crosses of the Cathedral and of St. Joseph's Carmelite Convent. Mr. Lo spoke of his work among the criminals, to which he is much devoted; on some occasions he has as many as six criminals to instruct before their deaths. He always personally attends such cases despite the urgent demands of his business in Shanghai. As he remarked: "This is a work of spiritual and eternal good, whereas my business pertains to temporal gains."

Mr. Lo said, "Let's go and see if any prisoners are ill enough to baptize now. If so, you can baptize them." From his pocket Mr. Lo took a small metal case containing cotton and water. "I always carry these with me," he said, "for I often find occasion to baptize not only brigands but also poor people dying in the streets." Each cell had three or four prisoners, but that day none of the inmates required immediate baptism.

About 10 o'clock the blowing of horns heralded the judge's arrival. When he came into the room we exchanged bows, the customary Chinese greeting. Mr. Lo introduced me, and the judge smiled most pleasantly, speaking a few words, which I



INTRODUCING MR. HUNG CHWIN KEH—THE AFFABLE AND HIGHLY EDUCATED POST-MASTER OF SHENCHOW. MR. HUNG SPENDS MOST OF HIS LEISURE TIME IN READING ENGLISH LITERATURE, AND IS WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE WORKS OF G. K. CHESTERTON.





TEACHERS, CATECHISTS AND MASS SERVERS OF YUNGSHUN MISSION AND STATIONS, WITH FR. AGATHO PURTILL, C.P.

did not understand. Tea was served in dainty cups and without sugar or milk. I observed that the Court clerk who sat at my left, and who held the death sentence, had finger nails half an inch long, a singular mark of distinction.

As the patrol conveying the brigands approached, Mr. Lo said, "Please stand a little away from the crowd and pray, while I go and talk to the brigands." Being a Chinese, a layman, and a very prominent citizen of the city, Mr. Lo is readily given every opportunity for the spiritual work so dear to him.

In his hands were some medals similar to Miraculous medals of Our Blessed Lady, each having a small pink ribbon attached to it. The bystanders kept their eyes fixed on Mr. Lo, and the judge politely allowed him to converse with the prisoners as long as he thought necessary. This courtesy of the prison officials brought home the remarkable influence for good Mr. Lo exerts in the Lay Apostolate. One could hear his voice, soft and low, as he pleaded with the brigands, and could see from his expression how gravely he realized the importance of the moment. He told them what they must believe to save their immortal souls, he explained to them the everlasting rewards of Our Holy Faith, the cleansing effects of Baptism, the Infinite Goodness and Merciful Love

of God, especially as beheld in His Bitter Passion and Death for us. And then, before my eyes was performed a Miracle of Infinite Love and Mercy, for from the neck of one of the brigands hung a medal of Our Blessed Lady. He had been baptized!

Mr. Lo walked over to me and said, "One accepted the Faith, but the other two refused it." He was torn between joy and sorrow. The loss of the two overshadowed the gain of the one, and I thought of how disappointed must have been the Heart of Jesus as He hung upon the Cross.

"I never watch an execution," added Mr. Lo, and he began to say the Rosary. The repentant brigand with the medal stood before the judge. The death sentence was read and the judge addressed him. As he stood there responding calmly to the questions of the judge, he reminded one of the early martyrs of the Church. His hands were tied behind him, and he was led out to be shot. He knelt down beside the other two criminals, each of them with his back to the soldiers. A few shots, and all was over. Two of the brigands lay flat on their faces, the guards were carrying the other away. The Christian had been killed outright, but the others died a slow, painful death. Mr. Lo was not surprised at this and said that those criminals who accept the Faith invariably die instantly.

Returning from the execution I offered a fervent prayer for the conversion of the Chinese People. There is much work to be done here. Millions die without the knowledge of Jesus Christ or His Saving Passion. China needs prayers. As Our Holy Father Pius XI has said: "Even though the missionaries labor zealously; though they work and toil and even lay down their lives in leading the pagans to the Catholic Religion; though they employ all industry and diligence and all human means, still all this shall be of no avail, all their efforts shall go to naught, unless God touches the hearts of the pagans to soften them and to draw them to Him. Now, it is easy to see that



FATHER CORMAC SHANAHAN, C.P., WITH SOME OF HIS BOYS ON THE CLIFF ABOVE THE WANGTSUN WATERFALLS.

everyone has the opportunity to pray, and so this help, the very nourishment of the Missions, is within the power of all to supply."

Undoubtedly, it was the good

prayers of the faithful that won for the man baptized by Mr. Lo the grace of conversion. To witness such marvels of God's Mercy makes one deeply grateful for all the prayers and

good works offered by those at home for the Passionist Chinese Missions. This should encourage the many members of the Gemma League to pray all the harder.

## Founding A Mission

**A**FTER living in the Interior of China for over six years our modern American civilization seems strange indeed. How amazed would be the people of my Chinese Missions, if they could hear my voice over the radio as you do!

On the other hand were you to visit my mission in Hunan, China, you would find yourself in a new and striking land, bewildering and strange to you. The Chinese have had their own civilization many centuries before America was discovered. Yet they have not progressed as other nations. Wedded to their own customs, slaves of ancient traditions, self-imprisoned beings stowed away behind natural and artificial barriers that have steadfastly withstood the encroachment of the foreigner, it is not difficult for one to realize that on all sides one finds the Chinese people clannish, critical and superstitious.

There are in China today, hundreds of villages and towns where the white man has never been seen.

When the Passionist Fathers first entered the Province of Hunan early in 1922, they learned that many such places existed within their own territory of 15,400 square miles. Year in and year out, in spite of all obstacles, the Passionist Missionaries have continued to found new Missions. In many places where these Missions were founded the Passionist Missionary was the first white man the natives had ever seen. They gazed at him wide-eyed with curiosity and with an innate fear that this foreign devil could bring them no good. Small wonder, then, that the founding of a new Mission is not so easy.

It was in the midst of such an arduous undertaking that, less than a year ago, Father Constantine Leech, worn out with the constant difficulties and never-ending obstacles, contracted the disease which cost him his life. It can well be said that the price of

*As Broadcast Over Station WLWL*

By QUENTIN OLWELL, C.P.

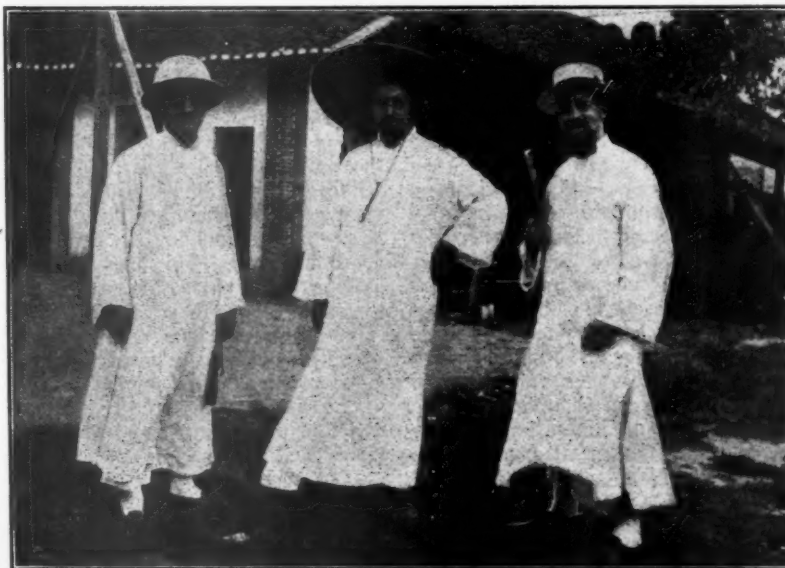
that one foundation was the life of this untiring, indefatigable, lion-hearted priest.

Since my return from China one of the questions most frequently asked me is: "How do you go about your work? Entering a pagan village for the first time, how do you establish a mission?" Sensing the interest this topic holds, let me tell you of my experience in this line. First of an attempt that failed—and then of one that was successful.

I had been missionary of the county of Kienyang for five years. In the county there are ten towns and a number of villages. I desired to establish missions in these places, but owing to bandits could not do so. Some of the towns were actually bandit headquarters. The roads were

constantly bandit infested, making travel dangerous. In 1928 conditions cleared up considerably and I made an attempt to establish a mission in the town of T'o Keou, fifteen miles away. An excellent opportunity offered itself, when the place was burned to the ground by bandits. What better, than to have the church grow with the town? I sent out two of my Chinese helpers to look over the town and to find, if possible, a suitable spot for a Mission. A few days later they returned with most encouraging reports. The disaster suffered by the town had awakened the religious spirit of the people. The natives had immediately built for themselves a new temple, and were beseeching and sacrificing to the gods to avert their glances from the town, and begging the friendly gods to help and to cast eyes filled with blessings upon the place.

T'o Keou, a town of about 1,000 families, is thoroughly pagan. No



FATHERS PAUL UBINGER, AGATHO PURTILL AND NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS IN THE MISSION COMPOUND AT YUNGSHUN.



"HOME, SWEET HOME." A FAIRLY WELL-TO-DO FAMILY IN THE RURAL DISTRICT OF HUNAN. THE CHAIRS AND TABLES MAY LOOK LIKE TOYS TO US, BUT THAT IS THE STYLE IN THE PASSIONIST MISSION DISTRICT.

Catholic priest had as yet entered it. True, some of the people of the town when passing through Kienyang, my mission headquarters, had visited the Catholic Church and with native courtesy had invited me to open a Mission there. They promised to enter the Church. The fire had completely destroyed the town, and the usual poverty of the people had been made more wretched. But with true Chinese fatalism, they set about rebuilding, not knowing but that when finished the bandits might again visit them. Knowing that capital would be most needed by them, it was with high hopes that I planned to establish a mission there.

At half past four on the morning of the Feast of St. Anne, July 25, 1928, I set out on my first trip to T'o Keou. This early hour was chosen in order to escape the great heat of the day. My Mission is in the extreme southern end of the Passionist Prefecture. The heat becomes intense. I have seen the thermometer register 110 degrees at night. The trip was uneventful. The road was unusually level for my territory. The bandits, for reasons best known to themselves, left us alone. We reached T'o Keou about 10:30.

A room at a Chinese inn was engaged, and I proceeded to change from my riding togs to the usual dress of the Catholic missionary in China, native clothes. After we had rested a bit, the next step was to go through the Chinese conventions prescribed for such occasions; to pay

official calls on the military and civil authorities, and on the elders of the town. As the reins of power were then held by the military, it was to the commanding officer's barracks that I first directed my steps. There is quite a ritual to be carried out. Nearing the main entrance of the barracks my Chinese helper took my visiting card to one of the soldiers on guard at the door. On being told that the foreigner sought an audience with the commanding officer, the soldier very deliberately looked me over for a minute or two, and then went into the building. According to custom I took up my position on the left side of the entrance. Shortly he returned and with him came the gateman who is in charge of visitors and their cards. He, too, proceeded to take stock of me and enquired further concerning my visit. Then he withdrew, leaving me still standing outside. After another short delay he re-appeared holding my card high about his head. This was my sign to enter. As I passed the guard I had to make a bow to acknowledge the salute they gave me. I was conducted through many courtyards and guest rooms, finally coming to that of the commanding officer. Here I was told to be seated and await his arrival. In a minute or two he walked about a yard into the room and stood still. I arose, facing him, and then both bowed to each other, shaking hands with ourselves while doing so. He then motioned me to a chair, on his left, the place of

honor in China. Both being seated he called, or rather, shouted, for tea and smokes. These being brought, he offered a cup of tea, using both hands in giving it to me, and I, using both hands, received it. Then with both hands again, he offered me a cigarette, which I, using both hands, accepted. The preliminaries over, the usual exchange of conventional remarks took place. These remarks are really much ado about nothing, but a person would sin grievously against the customs if he omitted them and dared to enter immediately into the subject of his call. The remarks consist of asking each other their honorable names, the honorable places of their birth and (telling each other from what an illustrious family they come) in a word, telling the other party what a wonderful fellow he really is. Only then is the purpose of the visit broached. I told the Officer of my project of opening a Catholic church in the town. He said he was most pleased and would be honored to give me all the protection he could. He ended his little speech with a promise that he would be the first to enter the church once it was started. This promise means nothing; it is also just a mark of courtesy. Having concluded this audience with the military I betook myself to the civil authorities, there to repeat the whole performance.

I then turned my steps to the various places my helpers had selected as suitable for the purpose. Two of them were excellent, centrally located, but in a quiet section. Having gone over the property and buildings, we went to the owners to bargain for it. Here the success which had thus far accompanied the undertaking deserted us. The Chinese are shrewd business people, and drive a hard bargain, but I was entirely unprepared for what I met with in this town. For a place, the price of which would be high at \$800, three thousand was asked. And this, after we had argued for an hour or more. Needless to say we gave it up. The other site was just as difficult to secure. This was for rent. A fair rent for it would have been two hundred dollars a year. The owner was asking five hundred a year, wanted a three-year contract, and demanded seven hundred dollars immediately. From this stand he could not be budged.

By this time, the dusk of evening had come so we went to our rooms



at the inn, had supper and talked over the day's happenings. That night many others came offering their places. I asked their prices immediately and found out that they were either out to rob me, or, more subtle still, were using this method of keeping me out of their town. The next day was just as unsuccessful, and the third was no different. The trip was a failure and having business at my mission, I had to leave T'o Keou. Later I made two more trips to the town but was no more successful. To this day no Catholic mission has been opened in T'o Keou.

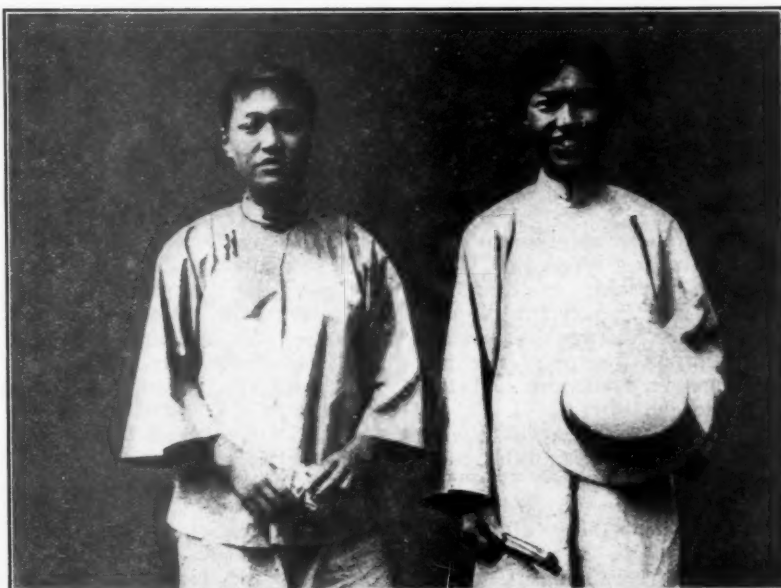
However, the ways of God are inscrutable. A few weeks later one of my Christians came to me and spoke of a piece of property owned by a relative who was anxious to sell. This was in another village in my district. I took this as an inspiration from God and determined to see what could be done about opening a mission in this town called Ngan Kiang. I resolved to use different methods of approach. It is about fifty miles from my Mission, is as large as T'o Keou and even better in a business way, having more activity, and more people from outlying villages and hamlets coming to it to buy and sell their wares. I had passed through Ngan Kiang a few times in my travels and had a fair idea of the place, hence did not have to show myself in the town, until my plan went through if such was God's will.

I had among my Christians a very clever and sincere chap, one Pius Tchen. He was thirty years old and had much experience in business affairs. Pius was a very fervent Christian and I knew I could trust him. I told Pius and Pius only about my plans. My first move was to send him to see what he thought of the place that was for sale, and, if it were unsuitable to see about getting some other place to open a Church. He was not to mention my name or the name of the Church in any way. Pius made the trip and discovered that the proffered place was a mile or so out in the country and therefore out of the question. But he found another place just suited to the start of a mission, and it was right in town. It was a newly remodeled house, not very large, but good enough for a beginning. We found that it could easily be made to serve for a church. The next step was to send Pius to the owner and try to rent it. He went as the repre-

sentative of another, but did not say for what purposes his master wanted the property. On his return from this second journey he brought back a contract which was most reasonable. The place was to be rented for three years, the rent to be three hundred dollars for the three years, and any repairs or remodelling that the tenant would want done to be paid for 50/50, half by the owner and half by the tenant. I signed the contract, gave the amount to be paid then, and sent Pius to start fixing the place for occupancy as a Church. After a few weeks I finally put in my appearance and put up the sign of the Catholic Church, T'ien Tsu Tang, which literally means the religion of the our Lord of heaven. Of course there was a bit of a storm and some hard feelings and strong words passed back and forth when the owners found out who had rented their place. But soon we were the best of friends and numbered among the catechumens the wife and children of the owner.

Now the question arises: Once you have the mission founded how do you get the catechumens? The easiest answer is, curiosity and the inspiration of God bring them to us. There I was at Ngan Kiang among a pagan populace. There was not a Christian in the town. I would say Mass in the morning, have breakfast, and then start out to show myself. After a walk through the streets I would return to the Mission and

await visitors. They were not slow in coming. First came the children. In the beginning they were shy and distant, just as any American children. Gradually they warmed up and talked to me. I would chat with them, and perhaps, give each one a little picture. Some questions of theirs would give me the opportunity to tell of the Catholic Church, of God, of Heaven and of Hell. The children would go home and speak about the "foreigner." When their work was done the adults would come around. They, like the children, would ask questions and thus give me an opportunity to tell them of my purpose amongst them. They would want to know more and then I would show them the doctrine books, and if any asked for a copy I gave them one. Many who came were not so friendly. They attributed all sorts of ulterior motives to the Church. Some claimed we were the spies of a foreign government and were seeking to gain control of the country. Other believed we were witches and sought to have people enter our church so that afterward we could kill them and having their bodies, cut them up and use the hearts and eyes for our foreign medicine. These and many other wild fancies did they hold. Firm, but kind argument showed them the foolishness of their objections. It was not long before some came and asked if they could enter this Church. They were cordially received and instructed



A CATECHIST AND HIS WIFE AT SUNG PEH TSING.

about all that was necessary for this step. First they must stop all pagan worship. If the authority lay in their hands, they must destroy in their homes all images of gods, and tablets of ancestor worship, to come to Church at least on Sundays, and, if possible, daily for morning and evening prayers, to study the prayers and doctrine of the Church. They were also told of the common practices that must be stopped, opium smoking, the practice of concubinage, etc.

I spent a week there on my first visit to Ngan Kiang, and I left eight adults and some children preparing to enter the Church. They were coming around to the Mission each evening and learning the prayers and doctrines. I put a catechist in the Mission to help those wishing to study and to receive all visitors and to answer their questions. A catechist is an important person in the mission field. They are specially selected men and women from among the Christians, who, because of their knowledge of the prayers and doctrines of the church and their somewhat higher intelligence, can be of great assistance to the missionaries. Their principal duty is to assist the illiterate in the study of the prayers and catechism. Before receiving baptism the catechumen must recite from memory all the prayers and questions and answers of the small catechism. It is a very tedious work to teach them. They do not know the Chinese characters. The catechist reads six or eight characters and the catechumen repeats them after him. Then he explains the meaning. It is remarkable what wonderful memories the Chinese have. After they get on to the characters it is very common for a man or a woman to come in and recite exactly, eight to ten pages of characters.

I paid my second visit to Ngan Kiang in a few weeks, and found eighteen preparing to enter the Church. Each evening at night prayers the little place would be jammed. After prayers I gave a little talk. They are very attentive and took kindly to the Church.

I had to leave China shortly after this, but just the other day I had a letter from the Passionist Priest now in charge of my territory. He wrote that a class of thirty will shortly receive Baptism—these will be the first fruits of the Catholic Church at Ngan Kiang. Thus it is that Mis-

sions are established in China. It is slow uphill work, but it is sure work and it is encouraging. Our day does not witness signs such as were seen on that first Pentecost in the days of the apostles. Progress is being made slowly but surely. (Twenty-three priests have met a violent death in China during the past six years.) We can make sacrifices and we do. We can plant the seed but God Himself must give the increase.

If we were to leave out the direct work of God in inspiring and implanting the gift of Faith in these pagan people it would be impossible to explain how the knowledge of God and His Church is propagated.

In the town of Kienyang there was an excellent character, well educated and good living. He had acquainted

*Fr. Quentin Olwell, C.P., returned to this country recently from his mission at Kienyang, China, for medical treatment.*

*While here he gave this address over Station WLWL through the courtesy of the Paulist Fathers. It is an account which deserves the careful perusal of our readers, as it details the experiences of a missionary who has actually encountered the obstacles mentioned herein. Our readers can readily see that new missions cannot be started nor old ones maintained without funds. The need of financial assistance is very great at this time.*

*Fr. Quentin was impatient to return to his mission, and sailed from San Francisco on April 11th.*

himself with Catholic doctrine and on many occasions had been the means of securing instruction and Baptism for dying people. He himself just would not enter the Church. I went out of my way to do all I could to bring him into the Fold. I kept at this task for a few years, but without success. At the same time another well educated and prominent gentleman of the town, who had in his day held the important office of mandarin in different cities, had by accident become acquainted with my catechist. This gentleman, Mr. Ch'ing, was deeply religious. He had been a Taoist, one of the leading sects of the pagans. Then he studied and became engrossed in the writings of Confucius, and became a devoted disciple of that Sage. When he met

my catechist he learned for the first time about the Catholic Church. They met many times after that and always spoke of religion. My Catechist invited him to visit the Church and promised to lend him books on Catholic doctrine. At this point of the story an amusing thing occurred. Mr. Ch'ing thought seriously of paying a visit to the Catholic Church but had a scruple he might offend his pagan gods. Like a true pagan he took his troubles to the gods themselves. He went to the temple, picked out a stick from a vase containing many. On these sticks were written characters meaning that the action to be undertaken was alright, or it was all wrong. Mr. Ch'ing's stick told him it was alright. So he came to the Church and borrowed some doctrine books. He read them and was much enthused over them. Finally he was introduced to me, and from then on we became great friends and had many talks about religion. After some months he asked to join the Church. I told him what was requisite. And especially that in his case he would have to stop his opium smoking. He promised to. He went through the usual months of study of prayers and doctrine, and came around like a child to recite to me. He succeeded in giving up opium, was at Mass every day, and made frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament. He asked again and again to be baptized. I kept putting him off, seeking for further signs of a promise of persevering. Finally I did baptize him and today he is one of the most fervent Christians we have. Another proof that Faith is a pure gift of God, and that the Spirit breatheth where it will.

To my many friends in the Radio Audience, I say tonight: "Have your prayers played a part in Mr. Ch'ing's conversion? How true the words of the poet— "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Do you realize how necessary prayer is for the success of this great work? We need many things to carry on our work successfully. But above all we need, we beg your prayers. In another month I shall be once more bound for China. I beg of you, good friends, remember me in your prayers. Pray every night that God bless the Foreign Missionaries in every land, for great as is their sacrifice, they can but sow the seed while God must give the increase.

Good-bye, and God bless you all!

# Gemma's League

**GEMMA'S LEAGUE** is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

**THE OBJECT:** To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

**THE METHOD:** No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

**MEMBERSHIP:** The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. The "Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

**OBLIGATIONS:** It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the



GEMMA GALGANI.

missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

**THE REWARD:** One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

**THE PATRON:** Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

**HEADQUARTERS:** All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

## SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Masses Said	38
Masses Heard	50,642
Holy Communions	29,071
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	58,385
Spiritual Communions	177,125
Benediction Services	15,847
Sacrifices, Sufferings	69,005
Stations of the Cross	18,968
Visits to the Crucifix	48,942
Beads of the Five Wounds	45,030
Offerings of Precious Blood	321,905
Visits to Our Lady	43,567
Rosaries	612,011
Beads of the Seven Dolors	7,906
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,918,641
Hours of Study, Reading	30,787
Hours of Labor	93,255
Acts of Kindness, Charity	52,506
Acts of Zeal	63,035
Prayers, Devotions	582,918
Hours of Silence	44,817
Various Works	118,679
Holy Hours	619

## "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

**KINDLY** remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

GEORGE BARKER  
MARY A. HANLON  
MARGARET A. McGUIRK  
MARY HUTCHINSON  
ROSA PHILLIPS  
JOHANNA BERRY  
MRS. J. F. MILLIGAN  
GRACE FRITZ  
CHRISTOPHER SKELLY  
ELIZABETH SANDS  
PATRICK M. CULLINY  
EDNA HEANEY  
CHARLOTTE HENDRICKSON  
JOHN J. CALLAHAN  
MRS. JOHN KEANE  
DANIEL J. POWERS  
FRANK O'BRIEN  
AMBROSE MURPHY  
MRS. E. M. BOWEN  
JOHN McGRATH

ANN MURRY  
CATHERINE RICHARDS  
CHARLES TEGARTY  
CARLO BONARDI  
THOMAS RYAN  
BERTHA F. MEYERS  
JAMES J. BRENNAN  
JAMES J. SULLIVAN  
JOSEPH GROSS  
NORA DOWNEY  
MRS. JOHN F. SHANLEY  
BRIDGET FLEMING  
PATRICK HENRY  
JOHN W. GRAHAM  
EDITH J. MOORE  
MARY JANE DONNELLY  
SARAH FLATLEY  
OWEN LARKIN  
MARGARET J. GRAHAM  
MRS. L. T. STRAWBRIDGE  
MRS. SUE DOYLE  
MRS. E. M. BOWEN  
JAMES P. NAGLE  
ALICE A. GRAHAM  
PATRICK DOHERTY  
MRS. DUNNIGAN  
NORENE BYRNE  
MATTHEW J. LEARY

JOSEPH NARDINE  
MARY C. MARLEY  
DOROTHEA NOONAN  
ELIZABETH HILGHMAN  
MAGDALENA DUDEN.  
HOEFER  
JAMES LEAHY  
MRS. HASSARD  
THOMAS BURKE  
MRS. S. M. COOPER  
FRANK WHALEN  
TIMOTHY HARRINGTON  
JANE M. MULLENS  
AGNES R. MURPHY  
JAMES JOSEPH QUINN  
ROSE GATTI  
TIMOTHY E. KENNEY  
GRACE P. FANO  
AMELIA E. SMEDLEY  
GERTRUDE KELLY  
CATHERINE SUGRUE  
ROSE FRAZIER  
JOHN F. HEFFERNAN  
MR. F. LONERGAN  
MARIE LAFFEY  
LEONARD DORAN  
PETER McGEE  
MICHAEL HAYES  
WM. B. CUNNINGHAM

EUGENE BRIODY  
MATILDA McGEE  
JAMES FRANCIS HUGHES  
JOHN PETER THOMAS  
McGEE  
GEORGE W. NOLAN  
MARGARET L. GEROUX  
WILLIAM P. BURKE  
WILLIAM McNAMARA  
JOHN BENNINGER  
JOHN J. DUFFY  
AGNES R. MURPHY  
E. CREIGHTON  
GERTRUDE SCHMIDT  
MICHAEL SHANLEY  
FRANK J. WELDON  
MARY ELIZ. HOWARD  
PATRICK HOPKINS

**MAY** their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.



### WHO WILL DIE TONIGHT?

**T**HOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

### LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$ ..... ) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within ..... months after my demise.*

*In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this ..... day of ..... , 19 .....*

*Signed* .....  
*Witness* .....  
*Witness* .....  
*Witness* .....

### Painless Giving

**A** GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,  
THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

# For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

**1** **R**EADERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

## MISSION NEEDS

**2** **N**OT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

## STUDENT BURSES

**3** **I**T HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of . . . . . (\$ . . . . .) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

## YOUR LAST WILL

**Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:  
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.**

# Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

**While Living:** One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts of the Church:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 24, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 27, St. John, Evangelist

**After Death** One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

**Furthermore:** Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

**P**ERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

**L**ONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. \* \* \* \* As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

PLEASE WRITE TO:

**The Passionist Missionaries**

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey



